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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 548.—APRIL 1941.

Art. 1.—THE MOBILISATION OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH.

THE subject which the title connotes is of primary importance. Yet far too little has been written about it in the Press. In the House of Commons, though I pleaded at regular intervals, six weeks elapsed before a day was granted for discussion on a most important part of it—the contribution of India, and the Crown Colonies, to our war effort, in personnel and material. Even then, after two excellent speeches by Mr Amery in regard to India's war effort, and by Mr Hall about the corresponding one of the British Colonial Empire, the debate developed into a discussion on the position of the Government of India vis-à-vis the Congress Party. I will deal later with the relative unimportance of this aspect of the case. Indeed, to use a hackneyed phrase, I for long 'ploughed a lonely furrow' in this field. But lately I have been joined by influential fellow-teamsmen, of more than one party, and by questions and speeches in Parliament, as well as by private interviews with Secretaries of State, we are beginning to influence ministers and to focus public opinion upon the matter.

Once the British nation is convinced of the necessity for harnessing the resources of the population of 450,000,000, and of the immense territories—comprising one-fifth of the world's surface—of the British Commonwealth to our war effort effectively, in one form or another, the objective is almost attained.

For, excluding the half million or so recalcitrant Afrikaaners in South Africa, and the Government and a majority of the people of Eire, there is in every Dominion, every Colony, and India a huge reservoir of goodwill

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towards us at home, coupled with willingness to bear greater sacrifices and to supply more men and material to win the war. That reservoir could supply, without danger of running dry, quadruple the volume that it does at present. But the impulse must come from here.

One broadcast by the Prime Minister to the Empire would be sufficient to set the whole stream of influence flowing freely. One of the great moral advantages which we possess in this war is to be led by a man whose grasp of first principles and whose powers of expression, in the written and spoken word, are alike unsurpassed. We should make full use of the fact that, apart from the small minority to whom I have referred, there is no part of the British Commonwealth where he cannot speak with a moral authority which is undisputed. For this reason, he can advise and exhort the people of a Dominion, or India, without exciting the slightest resentment or jealousy on the part of any persons in authority in those countries.

The Prime Minister is at his very best in devising, and then unfolding, great schemes of development and strategy. The complete mobilisation of British Imperial resources should, from the nature of the case, make a strong personal appeal to him.

Before proceeding to explain in detail the reasons for the views which I hold and the method by which I would attain the objective which I have in mind, I must deal with a matter which would appear, at first sight, to be irrelevant, but which is, in fact, very pertinent.

From 1923 to 1937 this country was either directly governed or influenced by what has come to be known as 'Baldwinism.'

Since I served in two of Lord Baldwin's Governments, and sat in two Parliaments on the Front Opposition Bench with him, I have reasonably good qualifications for pointing out the virtues and defects of 'Baldwinism' and their influence upon events to-day, or, at any rate, until quite recently. For, like a few great men of character and will-power who have held a commanding position in the councils of the nation, he fashioned and influenced political public opinion during his era, even amongst his opponents, whilst his good and evil deeds live after him.

I have been thirty-six years a member of the House of

Commons, and, during that period, of only two other men (until Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister) could this be said in the same degree. They were Mr Joseph Chamberlain and Mr Lloyd George. For even Mr Churchill, before May 1940, was, great figure as he has been for nearly two generations, without an effective following, and unsupported by any particular school of thought.

What was the essence of 'Baldwinism'? In inspiration it owed much to Disraeli, though, as I shall show, it did not follow the creed of that great leader to the end.

Disraeli, in his earlier days and especially in 'Sybil,' preached the doctrine of the moral evil and danger to national unity which resulted from the existence of the 'Two Nations.' In the pathetically restricted period of his power he did his best to merge them.

Mr Baldwin was faced, on his access to the Premiership, by a somewhat similar problem. The Trades Unions, bitterly class-conscious, and fed with an atavistic hatred of the employers, were rallying to their sides all the discontented and revolutionary elements which the aftermath of the war produced.

Mr Baldwin smashed their pretensions to control the other part of the nation when the General Strike was defeated, and afterwards, though reluctantly, passed the Trades Disputes Act to curb their purely political activities. But he showed alike his humanity and statesmanship in striving thereafter to heal the differences between employers and employed, rich and poor, successful and unfortunate.

Helped in his task by an impeccable private life, and a genuine regard for the good and simple things of this world, he preached, in a series of eloquent and moving speeches, the gospel of essential internal unity. His was the simple thesis that there are good men and women in every walk of life; that in reality Britons do not differ in character because they belong to different classes; that violent political controversy is infructuous, since it divides unnecessarily the integrated fabric of a great historical tradition which is comprised in the word Britain, or, as he preferred to call it, England. All classes should sacrifice their prejudices and privileges to uphold that tradition.

He succeeded so well in his teaching that, despite the violence of the controversies which marked his era, at

the end of it he was, perhaps, as much honoured personally by his political opponents as by his supporters. Some, at any rate, of the cement which bound this country when war broke out was due to the lessons which he had taught.

But Disraeli's political ideals, save for certain regrettable lapses in the early days of his public life, were always bilateral. He believed in the 'safety, honour, and welfare' of the British Empire; this was the compass, and not the insular interests of little Britain, by which our policy should be steered. Mystic as he was, this faith in Britain's Dominion overseas brought out not only the qualities of great latent statesmanship but those of a political seer.

Some of his successors possessed the same faith. I doubt if Lord Baldwin is among them, though I am sure that he thinks he is. Superficially there would be considerable ground for this view, since he risked, and lost, an election on an economic issue, one of the main purposes of which was to bind together the fabric of the Empire.

But Disraeli's faith and policy, as I see it, consisted of a determination that Britain's Imperial power should always be available, in reserve, not only to protect her wide-flung territories but to right the wrongs of other countries; that the Pax Britannica could be made the most powerful instrument of goodwill in the world, and that it must be based on undisputed sea supremacy. Many hold that the freedom of Western Europe from internecine war between 1870 and 1914 was largely due to this condition of affairs, thereby justifying Disraeli's thesis.

During the era of 'Baldwinism' the official view of the Conservative Party was very different. At the end of the last war, though we were—both in a military sense and from the point of view of prestige—in a position of greater might and power than ever before, it was soon apparent that we were most averse from maintaining that position. Nor was this due wholly to war-weariness. The Briton, *more suo*, was beginning to suffer from self-reproach, amounting almost to masochism. Was it right that the British Empire, or Commonwealth of Nations, should wield so much power? Might it not have been one of the causes of the war, as pacifists alleged? Was not Lord Cecil, who was, after all, a Conservative, right when he urged, in effect, that it was our duty gradually to

hand over our functions to the League of Nations? Above all, if we were still to retain the nominal control of the foreign policy of the countries of the British Empire, tempered by the rights of the self-governing Dominions, as expressed by the Statute of Westminster, we must make it clear, beyond peradventure, that it was not an organised military entity, nor could it speak with one voice. Otherwise, horror of horrors, we really should be a militaristic and Imperialistic Power, and, in the 1920's, there was no greater insult than to be so named. Thus ran the reasoning.

'Baldwinism' was not, of course, responsible for the phase of public opinion. But it did little to counter and something to foster it. 'Baldwinism' was, in fact, the child of its age.

From the moment that Russia, Japan, and Italy—whilst paying lip-service to the League of Nations—began to use their resources so as to be far better armed and prepared for a conflict than in 1914, our attitude ceased to rest upon any practical or ethical justification. To subject British nationals of another race to possible conquest, followed by certain exploitation and tyranny, because we were not prepared to provide adequate forces to defend them is simply immoral. Yet, in many places, this was the position in respect of British possessions ten or twelve years ago.

The rise of German power at last opened our eyes. Though, as a former Cabinet Minister of the 'thirties, I am a biased witness, I believe that from 1937 onwards more was done—in close consultation with the Dominions—to prepare our main lines of defence against Germany than the public to-day realise.

Contrary to the general belief, it placed us in a better position in many respects on Sept. 3, 1939 than we were in on Aug. 4, 1914. But what was not achieved, and what probably could not be achieved in the time available, was a plan of sufficient scope to safeguard the whole Commonwealth against a simultaneous attack by Germany, Italy, Japan, and Russia.

In any case, such a plan would have been vitiated by the defection of France, since our strategy and tactics before the war were necessarily closely interwoven with hers.

Even to-day the flood of self-reproach and fear of grandeur, or grandiose conceptions, which characterised our outlook in the 'twenties and early 'thirties has left a sort of mental detritus, resulting in a shrinking from stating the logical facts and their implication.

They seem to me to be that, given a continuance of material help from the United States, we can—within the next thirty months—so develop the immense resources of the British Commonwealth in man power and materials that we could hold off Japan and Russia, if they were foolish enough to attack us, and eventually defeat Germany and Italy.

Japan may be at war with us before these lines are in print. As to Russia, I believe her policy to be unchanged since war broke out. Evidence from many sources accumulates to the effect that she will not enter the war unless she is sure that one side will certainly win. Even then she may not do so; her only purpose would be to curry favour with the victor. She hopes profoundly that there will be a stalemate, and that Germany and Britain will alike emerge exhausted from the struggle. A victorious Germany would be a terrible menace to her; a victorious British Commonwealth of Nations, conscious alike of its physical and moral strength, and bent on the reformation of the weak spots in its various social structures, would be an effective barrier to her dreams of a universal world Soviet system.

But we must not rely on this state of affairs. It may alter. A permanency of reasonable relationship between Russia and the British Commonwealth will best be secured by her neutrality in this war, and the recognition by each country that their contrasted systems of internal government are their own concern.

When Russia's rulers realise that to subsidise Bolshevik propaganda in any land under the Union Jack does not help her, or her security, she will refrain from so doing. She has, in fact, greatly abated her efforts in this direction in the last fifteen years. There is no reason why we should object to her new nationalistic leanings—that is, unless we are sentimental 'Leftists.' But, in Russia's case, we must be prepared for any eventuality, even for her entry into war against us.

There are certain primary factors which should govern

any consideration of this vast project for the full mobilisation of the human and material resources of the countries and territories under the British flag.

First in importance is the fact that, excluding the people of Eire and the dissident Afrikaaners, to whom I have already referred, there is a population of European descent numbering roughly 67,000,000 under the British flag. The combined German and Italian population is some 125,000,000. A proportion of the Southern Italians, who are notoriously poor fighters, and a number of Austrians, whose heart is probably not in the war, detract to an extent from the value of this comparison. But it is formidable enough.

Without being derogatory to our fellow-subjects of other races, it may be said that men and women under and over a certain age in this population of 67,000,000 can contribute more to our war effort than any similar racial bloc elsewhere in the Empire. But that statement is qualified by the fact that certain of the Indian and African races, as well as others elsewhere in the Empire, make excellent soldiers or seamen, provided that climatic conditions are not too difficult or unaccustomed for them.

The men of many other races, though less satisfactory in fighting units, can do admirable work in the ancillary services in all three arms of the fighting forces. That fact is, of course, acknowledged, and is being acted upon in this war, as in the last.

But a vast extension of the principle is necessary. None of the economic and racial considerations which, quite rightly, apply in times of peace should prevent—if and when shipping is available—men of different race and colour from ourselves being brought here to replace, and release for combatant service, Britons at present in the non-combatant units of the Army.

If a large number of British Chinese subjects was brought to France to work behind the lines from 1915 to 1918 there is no logical reason why a similar number should not come here to help in the construction of our defence.

The second factor is the principle, also now accepted—though somewhat tardily—by the War Cabinet, of the maximum possible supply of food and munitions to all the forces of the Commonwealth overseas from the nearest Empire countries.

Already—to judge from Press reports—the combined output of munitions in Australia, India, and South Africa forms an important proportion of the total requirements of the Middle Eastern, Indian, and Far Eastern armies.

Some of us in Parliament want this principle to be extended. We think that, in time, West Africa could also help materially in this respect. We would like to see a big programme of aeroplane production commenced in India, to come to fruition in 1943, or even 1944.

All that I have written only advocates the implection of the policy of the Government, as presented by the Prime Minister himself, last summer.

He stated, simply and directly, that if we were driven out of these islands we should continue the fight under the British flag elsewhere.

Naturally I am concerned, in the main, with practical considerations; but surely the knowledge that there are self-contained and locally supplied forces of the Empire at every strategic point where our interests may be in jeopardy would have a tremendous moral and psychological effect upon enemy countries, for it would mean that no interruption of communications would cause any of those forces to surrender.

How would this work out in practice? What are the forces in action against the enemy, or in reserve, which the situation requires? I do not wish to adopt the rôle of an amateur strategist. Only in certain cases shall I suggest figures, and only, in the most general way, the probable area of battle.

Most of what I am about to write is well known and is self-evident.

We need, in Burma, Malaya, and southward to Port Darwin, a sufficient force of all three Services to make an attack by sea, air, or on land through China or Thailand so hazardous to Japan, or to Japan in conjunction with Russia (to mention a most unlikely contingency), that it will either not be attempted or will fail. The help of the Dutch forces in the East Indies in these regions will be highly valuable.

Quite rightly, we have not been told if any of the new or older battleships have gone to Singapore. It is, however, reasonable to suppose that, as the pre-war building

programme of battleships nears completion, we shall be able to spare one or more for those waters.

We know that the R.A.F. and land forces, in the strategic area in question, have been greatly strengthened recently. The growth of measures in Australia and New Zealand for home defence renders a direct Japanese attack, in case of war, upon the mainland of either country less likely to succeed as each week passes.

From information which has appeared from time to time in the Press, it is certain that recruitment of both Burmans and Malaysians for service in their local army units is proceeding satisfactorily. There is no reason, as the supply of munitions in India and Australia grows, why this increase should not be continuous.

The aim should be to form a great Imperial land force of Australian, British, Indian, Burmese, and Malayan units. In time, if Japan should be at war with us, and the Chinese people still resisting her armies in China, we might send the latter valuable help from these forces via the famous Burma Road.

In the Debate on Indian defence I mentioned that in the last war 1,500,000 men were recruited for the Indian Army. In this war the figure aimed at to date is in the neighbourhood of 750,000, composed of the Regular Army and Reserve, State forces, and the units recruited since the war, or in process of recruitment, which will eventually number 500,000. I suggested that this figure should be raised to 1,000,000. This, with the British Army in India, would give a grand total of about 1,200,000. The functions of this force might be divided as follows: 200,000 for service overseas, on the Far, and Middle, Eastern Fronts (we were told recently that 167,000 Indian troops had actually gone overseas); 200,000 for internal security purposes, including possible tribal warfare on the frontier; and 800,000 for a field army.

This army's task would be to prevent an invasion through Afghanistan, or further south, and, if necessary, to engage any possible enemy who might attempt to seize the Irakian or Iranian oil-fields. It would thus act on the right flank of our Middle Eastern army, for when that very formidable force has concluded operations in Tripoli, Eritrea, Abyssinia, and Italian Somaliland it could face north and east and, in conjunction with the Indian field

army, protect alike the Turks from being outflanked, and Persia, Iraq, and the Gulf from being effectively invaded.

A considerable number of the many types of small craft required for modern navies is being built in Australian yards; a few are also being built in India, where construction has just begun.

Australia is, presumably, producing larger vessels as well. They will form valuable reinforcements for, or adjuncts to, the Imperial Fleets in the Far East and in the Mediterranean. The advantage, for this purpose, of a constant and growing supply from these two countries, compared with one from our overburdened yards at home, and of the infinitely smaller risk of destruction en route, is obvious.

The Royal Indian Navy is expanding rapidly in personnel. It is desirable that room should be found for some of the officers and ratings on ships of the British Navy. Similarly, I hope that Indian airmen may serve in units of the R.A.F., and squadrons of the Royal Indian Air Force will operate alongside R.A.F. units.

There is not the slightest evidence to show that the constitutional dispute between Congress and the Government of India is affecting either recruiting in India or her war effort.

Indeed, I believe that the applications to enlist have been far greater than the possible rate of intake. I am a regular reader of two Indian newspapers, and I have been much impressed by the wealth of support of the Empire's war effort by all castes and classes, which, as a perusal of them shows, exists in most provinces.

I have suggested that the bulk of the Imperial land forces in Africa will, when the Italians have been put out of action on that continent, be available for service in Asia Minor and in the Middle East.

But there will remain an important residue. The South African land and air forces are estopped, by General Smuts' pledge, from being used outside Africa. One might hazard a guess that the South African field force, which is operating outside the Union, together with the European regiments raised in various African colonies, comprises about 40,000 of all ranks.

In addition, there are the African units. I have no

idea what is the number of men in them, or of those in the new units which are in process of being raised.

I suggested, in the Debate to which I have already referred, that a total of 500,000 should be the figure at which to aim. At least double that number could be raised by voluntary enlistment, which is, of course, essential.

Some of the Regular units, for example those of the Soudanese Army and the King's African Rifles, might be required to accompany the force which, under my plan, would go to the Middle East. But care would naturally be taken to leave behind a sufficient nucleus of veteran troops, who have fought in East Africa, in order to leaven the mass of newly raised units.

In the last war, West Indians of African descent, both in the Regular West Indian battalions and in war-time battalions, did good service. The West Indian Regiment was disbanded some fifteen years ago, during one of our periods of economy, after many years of honourable existence. I suggest that it should be revived, and that its eventual destination should be Africa.

What should be the location of these South African and native African troops?

I think the obvious answer is that they should form a strategic reserve in West, and West Central, Africa, on British or Free French territory. Troops from the Belgian Congo, and those of the Free French forces in Africa, should be joined to them. After a few months of large-scale training the result should be the formation of a magnificent army, with the right proportion of European and African troops.

It would be a fine, imaginative action if the command were to be offered to General de Gaulle. His quick, adaptable mind and firm grasp of first principles in strategy would be given great scope in such a post. What would be the rôle of this army?

To deny to the enemy, or to any Power acting in conjunction with or under duress to the enemy, the occupation or retention of Spanish Morocco and the International Zone. So long as France remains really neutral this army would be no menace to Algeria or Tunis.

Its existence, whilst the Mediterranean Fleet remains
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intact, would immeasurably increase the danger to any enemy Power in occupation of, or attempting to occupy, any part of North Africa.

This army could, and should, be munitioned and provisioned from British and Allied territory throughout Africa. In time, after the improvement of communications, much of its supplies could come overland. Those which were seaborne would run the minimum of risk from enemy interference.

Finally, a survey of the problems of the defence of these islands discloses the big advance which still requires to be made in the full mobilisation of our human and material resources.

It has been said that logic means everything to a Frenchman and nothing to an Englishman. Most Englishmen are openly or secretly proud of the fact that empirical solutions and not the application of consistent principles usually characterise our national policy.

In time of peace there is much to be said for this attitude. But during what is, in truth, an 'all in' war there is great danger to the nation from it, for if you ignore the logic of brutal, inescapable fact, you do so at your peril.

We have been told so often by those in authority that we are living in an 'island fortress,' that the phrase has become a cliché. Indeed, the British Isles are a fortress, very strongly guarded, and partly invested, by reason of enemy action on the sea and in the air.

To escape disaster the civilian population of a beleaguered place must have certain qualities and material possessions. Their morale must be good and their food supply sufficient. But, in addition, they must be ready to help the garrison in every possible way at the bidding of its commander.

There must be no question of any individual being free to do as he or she likes, for everyone capable of working is a unit of the defence. If the heart of the majority is in the struggle, and if they prefer death to surrender, they will approve of, and their resolution will be strengthened by, the application of compulsion where it is needed.

What I have written depicts, broadly speaking, the situation of Britain to-day, and the spirit of its people. I do not think that any member of the War Cabinet would

disagree with my description. But practice has lagged dangerously behind profession.

We are not making use of every human unit to strengthen the defence of these islands. There is a number of men and women who have lost their posts because of the war, who are willing and anxious to be trained for war-work, but who are still awaiting vacancies. Indeed, the whole system of training and transfer, and the provision of accommodation for persons being trained or transferred, is in a very embryo state.

Ministers constantly reiterate the need for greater control, so that all non-essential trade and industry is eliminated and all man and woman power used to the best advantage. But in the next sentence they deprecate compulsion, save in the last resort. In fact, compulsion is being applied, but in a very partial manner. That is a dangerous way to do things, even in a country like ours, where there exists such a high level of patriotism and public spirit.

The Government contend that, since employers and trades unionists have made such willing sacrifices in order to increase our production of munitions, it would be impolitic to force them, by order, to go further until all methods of consultation and conference have failed.

There is reason, but also real peril, in that argument. For one thing it underlines the difference between the Service man and the civilian. Such a distinction is dangerous and illogical when hundreds of thousands of peaceful citizens, who never expected to have to submit themselves to discipline in the forces or to fight, are cheerfully accepting their obligations.

There must be many families where one son, who formerly earned good wages in some industry, is now receiving only a Service man's pay, and another, whose pre-war wage was £3 10s. a week, who now gets £7 or £8 weekly in an essential war industry.

This differentiation is dangerous, but would be mitigated if the principle was recognised that the civilian is as much under orders for the good of the nation as is his brother who is serving in the forces.

Tentative moves in that direction have recently been announced by Mr Bevin. But surely the civilian should be told plainly and bluntly, 'You must submit to loss of

freedom of contract, and movement, and to control of your pay and conditions of work for the period of the war, as does your brother in the Service.'

I have on several occasions spoken in the House of Commons, and I have also written elsewhere, on the continued neglect to make use of the hundreds of thousands of acres of land in this country which could produce food, but which are still uncultivated.

They are to be found in every part of Britain. They comprise public and private parks, commons, golf links, building estates, and the like.

There is, admittedly, a shortage of skilled agricultural labour and implements. But in the Dominions there are many men, too old for service in the forces, who have farmed all their lives, and who would be only too glad to come here and supervise this work. While, if it is impracticable to obtain British labour by compulsory training and transfer, no question of racial prejudice should be allowed to prevent the voluntary enlistment of men from the British West Indies for the purpose. Many excellent agricultural workers are to be found there. They would produce far more food than they would consume; therefore, in the long run, their presence here would help, and not hinder, the task of the Ministry of Food.

Production of the necessary tractors and other implements should rank in importance with that of tanks or guns.

We need always to keep in mind the vast and world-wide nature of our task in winning the war, and the great dangers, as well as the great opportunities, which will be our companions throughout its accomplishment. Above all, we should never forget the inexhaustible reserve of moral support and physical help which is to be found within the countries of the Empire. If we fail to utilise both to the fullest extent we shall not deserve victory.

WINTERTON.

Art. 2.—BRITAIN AT WAR.

SPRING—the second oncoming in this war of crashes, twists, lulls, exaltations, and apprehensions of that season in which normally, in England at any rate, all things turn to softness and beauty and even the rugged of heart are touched with a sense of mystery and of peace. As I write—in mid-February—the sun shines with strength renewed, the birds are singing, the snow-drops are full, white bobbles, and daffodil buds are thrusting up their hard, little, greeny spears: also, to make the picture a harsh reality and not a happy dream, the roar of aeroplanes refills the skies. That has been lessened awhile with winter's snows and storms: now as the earth turns again to glory, Man quickens afresh to War. The 'blitzull' (to pillory the most ghastly hybrid ever coined by a headline writer) is over.

Not for a long while have the sirens sounded so often as on this mid-February day; and every separate item in every newspaper, every speech or movement of all the different leaders of the nations of the world are big with coming events. How shall one write a commentary upon a transformation-scene? And yet, though nothing in history ever does repeat itself, how often it is that events seem to! When I wrote my first article under the heading 'Britain at War,' it was mid-August 1940. The great air-attacks upon this island were just starting: invasion loomed like a dark storm-cloud over the land—and I was forced, for the purposes of a commentary to be printed some weeks after the writing, to assume either that it had been attempted and had failed or else that it had been postponed indefinitely. I assumed the latter, and, as all the world—and Hitler—know well, that assumption was proved by the R.A.F. and the Navy to be correct. Once again a similar choice of assumptions lies before me; and—a second time—I assume that no invasion will in fact have been launched against this loved island by, let us say, mid-April, the date when, in normal times, this article would appear. By 'invasion' I mean a definite, all-out landing of enemy troops by sea and by air, for of course great air-activity and heavy raids, especially at night, are certain and parachutists probable. And I make that assumption, however diffidently, for this sole reason:

whereas it is increasingly obvious that by no means other than by a swift and complete overthrow of Great Britain can Hitler win his war (which leads one naturally to the conclusion that an all-out invasion will be attempted), by no other means can he so swiftly and irrevocably seal his doom. To us British his doom is as certain as Death itself, whatever he does—but to him and his advisers it may not yet appear so; and it would seem therefore a reasonable assumption that, in spite of our ever-growing strength and the vastly gathering momentum of American cooperation, he may decide against attempting what all, of every shade of thought and experience, recognise to be the most hazardous and chancey of all military enterprises, the failure of which could neither be cancelled nor palliated, but would be, for him, the unequivocal beginning of the end.

But all speculation is vain, and what miscalculations even the most experienced of observers make! I have lately been reading a book first published in March 1939, since when it has gone through many editions, though not, I gather, nearly so many as its predecessor, 'Insanity Fair,' to which its author, Douglas Reed, makes so many proud references. This book, 'Disgrace Abounding,' a survey of the international ferment by a trained journalist, concludes that the English are become a decadent people unwilling to fight for any cause and is, moreover, certain that by lack of previous belligerency the cause of freedom is already lost, with Czechoslovakia gone and the Mediterranean quite closed to us in the event of war. Throughout all the many pages of the book there is not one reference to the British Empire, not one to the United States, not one to the R.A.F., and only one, a satiric dismissal, to the Royal Navy: for all his knowledge of the Continent Mr Reed knew his own countrymen not at all—and the misunderstandings of Hitler and Ribbentrop and, later, of Mussolini become easily explainable.

The Mediterranean quite closed—it reads singularly enough, read shortly after the fall of Benghazi! When I wrote last, it was mid-November: the Greeks had given all lovers of freedom a thrill by withstanding so valiantly the first Italian onslaught; more could not be hoped, even though Mussolini had presented us with the Cretan opportunities. One deeply knowledgeable about the desert

wrote to me to say he never expected the Army of the Nile to do more than give a knock to the invader of Egypt. And yet, though by that date the brilliant series of African victories had hardly begun, there was a wonderful new ring about the New Year broadcast given by General Wavell; take these two sentences alone:

'Some later historian, from June onwards, will see the real strength of the nation, its matchless spirit flashing like a sword from its sheath at the sudden challenge of imminent, deadly peril . . . there stood between Napoleon and world domination two things—British sea-power and the spirit of the British people: between Hitler and his beerhouse dreams of Empire stand the same two things.'

I parallel that proud and just utterance with the noble words addressed by M. Gutt, Belgian Minister of Defence and Finance, to his compatriots in occupied Belgium, 'We must do our part: independence is not a favour that one accepts; it is a dignity that must be won.'

There is a great change come over much beside the position of Italy in Africa. It is impossible here to deal with the changes of the face of the war; they will be many and varied, and, whatever else comes, hard knocks there must be in plenty, and the issues, flung over the world, will doubtless sway as the waves of the sea. In this commentary I deal, I endeavour to deal let me say with humility, not with the face of the war, not with the surface of the waves, but with the under-currents, beginning now to sweep with such power, and with the irresistible tides. What a change is here since this time (mid-February) a year ago! Then, even after nearly five months of war, the nation—this strange, bewildering, and often illogical nation—was still more than half asleep: it talked war, it intended war, but it was only very incompletely waging war. Underneath, so deep down that it deceived many an onlooker into a belief that it was no longer an integral part of the British character, lay the quiet knowledge that, having once begun, we should never quit until victory was achieved; and, coupled with that, went the old complacency, the old historical certainty that Englishmen, the individualists, always got through somehow—as, for instance, they did in 1914 and again in 1918. All that is shattered and has been since the fall

of France. I have no knowledge of any one in Great Britain who, even in those dark hours, 'despaired of the Republic,' but those hours transformed the easy-going islander—and if by September there was anything anywhere left of irresolution it was swept utterly away by the bombing of our open towns. And now, as we swing everywhere into our stride, every corner bristling with defence as the stubble on a man's three-days-unshaven chin and girding itself simultaneously for offence, there is such a steely resolve of 'through to the finish and never again!' as no one in all our long story has ever previously witnessed.

Changes little and great, seen and unseen. One of the most remarkable and the least remarked, it seems to me, is the quietude with which we have accepted inquisitorial circumspection. Only last week I had a letter from a friend in Northern Ireland and my wife one from a friend in Scotland, both of which had been 'opened by Examiner No. —'—and the number ran into the thousands (so some people have war work to do!) We have all long been used to having all correspondence from the U.S.A. or from such other foreign countries as are free to write opened and examined—though, as the Scriptures tell us, it is not what goeth into a man but what cometh out of a man that is harmful—and the consequent delays seem a little unnecessary, but from Northern Ireland and Scotland! I am daily expecting a similar extension to Devon or Yorkshire. But no one complains, not even in that nursery of all right-minded complainants, the House of Commons: the one feeling in every heart is, 'all right, anything and everything, provided it safeguards our land or helps us on towards victory.'

Stirring too with quickened life, though still with that uneasiness with which such a subject is always approached by the very self-conscious English, is the sense amongst men and women which can perhaps best be expressed by a realisation both of the truth and the beauty of the words in Deuteronomy, 'the eternal God is thy dwelling-place, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' We have seen it brought openly to the surface very recently by the message of the three Archbishops; the Parents' Association have a manifesto out on very similar lines; the teaching profession is again associating itself with its

needs and its practical difficulties. A revival of faith—it is no doubt altogether too much to believe that in this, or any, country we are going to see one of those great uprisings of the heart and mind united which have, on a very few occasions in Man's history, transfigured thought; but that there should be these stirrings, unmistakable in their appeal, is yet something to put into the progress scale of the balance of Fate. But as yet at all events, they are but stirrings—and they have not been accompanied by the faintest suggestion on the part of any clergyman as to how to approach the problem without which little can be permanently engrafted on to the national life, namely, the making of religious services attractive to the young: still, as for the last thirty years at least, these remain everywhere directed solely to the thoughts and desires of those who are at least middle-aged, if not already in the evening of their days. And it is still surprising how any idea of making the young part and parcel of the service is not merely ignored but actually resented.

All is not changed, nor ever will be—in England: we are too deep-rooted. And yet how much is altered or removed! That we are an armed camp, engaged in an all-in dog-fight we now freely recognise, and many have been the descriptions. I like as well as any this from a young man to his employer, 'Well, I am in the Army now; and it is not so bad if you do as you are told, Army life is free and easy after civil life.' At least, with all our trained bands of civilians of all kinds, 'spotters,' fire-fighters, wardens, and many another, there is little enough to choose between the two compulsions.

We are, unquestionably, swinging into our stride at last, may now even be said to have swung into it—and what a mighty stride it is History has more than once recorded. That being so, we can afford to look back on our past, even our quite recent past, amblings: they at least complete the portrait of this astonishing race. Let me mention, critically, but four examples. First, it is only now that we are beginning, very slowly and still inadequately, to realise that authors have a special value as assistants to our war effort: at first, they were all completely neglected, even scorned, on the singular principle, which has shown itself in most Ministries, that

anything that was well and successfully done in the war of 1914-18 must be done entirely differently in this. Secondly, and similarly, consider this, taken from a leading article in 'The Times,' 'among long-term problems the education of the Army for properly organised re-absorption into civil life must rank high, and the plannings of such a task cannot begin too soon'—wonderful, when written on January 20, 1941, exactly a whole year after the War Office had been most urgently pressed to put such planning in hand without delay. Or could this have been said, and by a 'Special Commissioner for the Welfare of the Homeless,' after a year and a quarter of totalitarian war, in any country but Great Britain without a storm of indignation?—the speaker, declaring himself as 'satisfied with the progress of the organisation for dealing with those made homeless by air raids, added these words, on which all comment is needless, 'it should be remembered that the arrangements in the past three months have had to be improvised to a large degree.' (And let us, in this connection especially, note with gratitude that the day of miracles is not passed—in spite of the appalling lack of foresight as exemplified in these words, we have come through all the worst of the winter months without any of the feared epidemics.) Fourthly, and sufficiently, it was not until after the great attempt to burn down the City of London that fire-watchers were made an obligatory, instead of a voluntary, precaution on *all* business premises.

These things—and they do not stand alone—lie in the past: such lapses seem inseparable, always, from our habit of gradual awaking. At least we may felicitate ourselves on the really astounding galvanisation of the whole nation by the words, actions, and spirit of a single man, the Prime Minister. There has never been anything quite to compare with it that I know or have read of, and it becomes even more astounding by reason of his singularity: a commentator can write, and without contradiction, 'I believe that, with the exception of the Prime Minister, any Minister could be removed from the Cabinet to-morrow—Conservative, Liberal, or Socialist—and the country as a whole would not bat an eyelid.' Personally, I think that is a little extreme and hardly fair to personalities such as Lord Beaverbrook, Mr Herbert Morrison, and,

perhaps, Mr Anthony Eden—but it is quite certain that never before was so great a national effort directed by men who, with these few exceptions, have impressed their own individualities less upon those directed, or a time when so few, if questioned, could correctly name the Ministerial team and assign to each his job. In our own way, whilst remaining constitutionally and actually a democracy, we have for war purposes adopted, if not totalitarianism—a very meaningless word, like most 'isms—at all events a dictatorship. And at the same time we retain our inherent right to be silly, fill several columns of newspapers, in spite of paper scarcity, with discussions about the propriety of lip-stick for Red Cross assistant commandants (voluntary) and many more columns about commissions in the Army and the 'old school tie.'

Behind that last, however, lies something deeper than silliness. One of the disquieting undercurrents, not for now but for the future, is the indication, here and there, of the smouldering fires of class-warfare. These come, more often than not, from an unrecognised, unadmitted inferiority complex: of very few indeed can it ever be written as it was written of the late Dame Margaret Lloyd George, 'she was completely classless, prince and pauper being equally important in her eyes.' There are still, in spite of all the levelling influences of this war—and never have they been either so many or so powerful—far too many people in this country who are continually on the look-out for affronts, continually anxious to assert that they 'are every bit as good as you' and by the very anxiety of their assertion proving conclusively that in fact they are not. And every now and again this anxiety is stimulated by one of the incautious clichés dropped by public speakers of influence and authority, as, for example, when Mr Attlee announced with satisfaction that 'there will be no idle rich after the war': he might, one would have thought, truthfully have omitted the word 'idle,' or if he had specially wished to retain it for any political purpose (it is, after all, a very hoary veteran of platform phrases) he might have coupled with his announcement the hope that there would also be no idle poor after the war. But 'idle poor' is not a phrase any politician would ever permit himself to use, however many he might in truth have in his constituency. Mr Attlee's saying

put me in mind of a conversation I had some years ago with his colleague, Mr Herbert Morrison: Mr Morrison was asking me to take on a piece of voluntary work, which, he added, would only take me 'four afternoons a week.' When I explained that I was very sorry but I was at work on those afternoons earning my living or trying to, he replied, 'Oh, I thought you were a man of leisure,' and set out to find some one who was. The work was necessary and would have been interesting: men of leisure are not without their uses in a democracy; few countries use theirs so unremittingly as England—when they exist no more, there are thousands of essential jobs which will either be left unfilled or be filled, and perhaps less efficiently, by paid workers.

However that may be, and it is a subject which ranges far into the unknown future, let us at least, whatever internal clashes may ultimately come, keep ourselves free from bitterness, that corroding acid both of private and public life. It will not be easy, and it becomes more difficult, as far as our enemy is concerned, every day. It is difficult indeed to read of, and still more to see, the hateful brutalities and the slaughter of the innocents without bitterness, and I see that Mr H. M. Tomlinson in one of his articles to America descriptive of this conflict writes, 'What a cold hatred of the Nazis accumulates!' That is not British, at least it never has been so—and yet, 'it's a macabre subject,' remarked a college bursar discussing air raids, 'but I'm bound to say I've never sold elms so well as in the last few months.' 'Oh, but,' said a simple listener, 'they're no use except for coffins, are they?' 'Boy, you've said it,' was the only possible rejoinder. And yet, in spite of all most natural reactions to the warfare of the terrorist and thug, the words written by Dr A. Vibert Douglas of Ontario in an article on 'The Future of Mankind' remain indubitably true, 'Let us not,' he writes in the current 'Hibbert Journal,' 'build up a spirit of hatred because, if we so do, by that much are we making more difficult, indeed impossible, the eventual establishment of an enduring peace.'

A lighter, but still serious, side of this has been engendered, perhaps thoughtlessly by the B.B.C. It is never wise, and it has certainly never been British, to scoff at enemies: Mr A. P. Herbert has rendered many a

notable service to the public life of the country and has often greatly enhanced its mirth, but I feel he for once set an ill example by his light-hearted cry of 'sock the wops!' The Italians were, and again assuredly will be, our friends; and in any case most thoughtful people have grown genuinely sorry for the humble, unvoiced Italian peasants so betrayed into disaster by their self-seeking leaders. At least it may be said that when the B.B.C. followed Mr Herbert's example, there was a quick and emphatic reaction: 'the cheap gibes at the expense of the enemy' were at once described as both 'deplorable' and 'mischievous' in responsible quarters. This was not humour, only an effort at it, and few things are so defeated by effort as humour. I prefer for real genuine, unconscious, characteristically British humour a snatch of conversation overheard between two typical, hard-toiling London women: they were discussing—as who has not?—Hitler and all his ways and works, and one of them finally summed up the whole matter by declaring that it was all due to his moustache; 'it's just the same as with our Herbert,' she explained. 'Grow a moustache he would and grow a moustache he couldn't! He used to take funny turns like this Hitler; it regular soured him.' Well, many explained away the Kaiser by a reference to his shrunken arm, and there have been other instances in history—that old inferiority complex business again; one can never get free from it.

But let me turn, not to the undercurrents, but to the tide. If there has been some justification for criticism of the general attitude of most of the B.B.C. announcers as 'so undignified,' as it has been called—though the attitude is surely not that of the announcers but that of the writers of the script—there may in fairness be set in the other scale what I at any rate felt to be one of the greatest of broadcasting achievements, that of 'the Empire under Fire' given by the B.B.C. on Christmas Day. That was truly representative of the real spirit of our race, and though it is now, especially at the pace at which we are to-day forced to live, a long while ago, it is undying and meet here to be recorded. There have been in successive years other great Christmas broadcasts round the Empire, indeed round the world—this, in my judgment, was the greatest. And the spirit it sent out across the

ether is not lonely : it has given soul once again to the finest of all the Prime Minister's broadcasts, and its echoes are everywhere. If Mr Attlee made use in one speech of one of the most thread-bare of political clichés, he made amends not long after—and it is the fate common to all speech-makers that the first was reported in the newspapers and the second was not—by saying that there was now a much wider realisation than formerly of the need for extending to all, as far as possible, what had been the privileges of the few. (I quote from memory but that at least was the purport of his sentence.) And many a mind has been, and is, hard at work trying now, with a wider civic conscience than ever before, to think out ways and means by which these general aspirations may be changed, after the war, to facts.

We see this predominantly in the educational world : Mr Ramsbotham may have let fall one unhappily phrased sentence as to German schools and our attitude towards them, but he has given a lead—and it really is not as common for Presidents of the Board of Education to give a lead in educational matters as might be supposed—to the general desire that, after the war, there shall be a big leap forward towards that 'equality of opportunity' upon which alone a real democracy can be built. He has been followed by many writers, educationists, and speakers who, as is our characteristic British way, have taken from our chief enemy his most cherished phrase, 'the new order,' and given it a twist upwards towards sanity and honour. There is, I most firmly believe, a deep-seated resolution throughout all shades of opinion in these islands, born of comradeship in great peril, of common courage and endurance, and of the opportunities for sharing and for understanding brought about by sudden destruction of homes, great and small, that out of all this must and shall arise a better civilisation than contented us before. Mr J. B. Priestley—one of the few authors, incidentally, to be used nationally and with outstanding success—has expressed the view in one of his Sunday evening broadcasts that this transformation will be, or at the very least should be, swift. Sweeping, no doubt, but swift ? I am not so sure that the British take kindly, and (which is more important) durably, to swift changes : I find myself therefore in agreement with a sentence written to me by

another author, Mr St John Ervine, 'I've no belief in magic or swift and sensational conversions, only in hard labour and in careful consolidation of little gains.'

A New Order?—that we shall see that, if not in one form, then in another, and all over the world, there cannot be the slightest doubt. 'The old order changeth,' yes, indeed, not merely in attitudes towards the old public schools, but in all things; but does any British subject seriously doubt that we can also truthfully add, 'and God fulfils Himself in many ways'? When I wrote last, in mid-November, the Italian invasion of Greece had begun; it was not prospering, but I doubt if any one believed that by mid-February the Italians not only would be struggling desperately to retain Valona but would have lost Benghazi and be practically certain to lose Eritrea, British and Italian Somaliland, Abyssinia, and the whole of Libya as well. It seemed certain in mid-November that very shortly the one big jaw of the Axis pincers would force its way through Bulgaria and up to, if not into, Turkey whilst the other pressed hard towards Egypt. The northern threat, as I write now, is as grave, or even graver; the southern has melted away. By now, had things gone as the Axis intended, we might well have lost the Suez Canal and our life-line of Empire. Small wonder is it that, come what will in these weeks immediately following mid-February, every observer who is at once informed and dispassionate has already reached the conclusion that Hitler has lost his war: one has only to study the views severally expressed by President Roosevelt, Mr Wendell Willkie, and Mr Harry Hopkins to be convinced of that—and the American stock exchange agrees with them.

And that brings me to Anglo-American collaboration. As long ago as March 1940 an American of great influence and breadth of mind wrote in a personal letter these profoundly thoughtful words, 'if our neutrality is honestly in the interests of what it may do for the world, that is one thing; if it is merely playing safe while some one else fights our battles, it will react as a horrible curse upon our national and individual life—indefinitely.' Much water has flowed under the bridges since then: here is the utterance of another American, Mr Clarence K. Streit, published eight months later in the 'Atlantic Monthly,'

'Events have brought us and the British to the point where the only real hope of either lies in the other. For the first time in history there is not a single great armed power on earth to which either can turn for help except the other. Never before have Americans and British depended so deeply on each other for their freedom and their future as they do to-day. This situation is so new that its uniqueness has not yet dawned on many people.'

That was in November: the Gallup poll shows how high in the American sky it has now risen—and, as I write, the 'Lease-and-Lend' Bill is about to become law, with consequences not merely decisive for Nazism but of incalculable importance for all the future destinies of the world.

I come back, by way of conclusion, to the one paramount factor, the spirit of the British race. Mr Willkie, after his sight-seeing, has been struck by it as something rather wonderful, Mr Hopkins remarks 'never was there so tough a people as the British'—and let us remember that, in spite of the 1914-18 war, still most Americans persisted in thinking us soft, confused no doubt by 'that curious gentility among our men-folk,' to which I referred in January—and we ourselves have never for one instant, however bludgeoned or threatened, wavered in our knowledge of the certainty of Hitler's fall. Towards the end of last year, in one of his blatant orations, he sought to stiffen the slightly disillusioned of his satellites by speaking of the evils that would befall Germany—'if we lose,' he said. It cannot by any flight of the imagination be supposed that any British leader would ever in any speech to a British audience make use of such an 'if'—it would never occur to him to. And so onward into the great unknown, not vain-gloriously but feeling within us 'in quietness and confidence shall be our strength'—and, finally, just to be thoroughly British, let me add this final extract from our daily Press, 'subject to Service exigencies the R.A.F. cricketers will be playing more matches next season than last, including the four at Lord's already announced'; and let us hope that there will not be too much of the 'raid stopped play' nonsense about them!

GORELL.

Art. 3.—PUMP AND PROMENADE.

1. *Historical Description of Cheltenham.* By G. Griffiths. 1826.
2. *Account of Cheltenham.* By The Rev. T. D. Fosbroke. 1826.
3. *A View of Cheltenham.* By Henry Davies. 1843.
4. *History of Cheltenham.* By John Goding. 1863.

'The finest part of my Kingdom that I have beheld'—
George III, referring to Cheltenham and the Vale of Gloucester.

I

WHEN, in the year 1716, Mr Mason, a Quaker, bought from Mr Higgs a small meadow on the south side of Cheltenham, the transaction did not appear to be vested with any particular significance.

Cheltenham was a sleepy market town with only one street of any importance. This High Street contained, besides The Plough Inn, a butter cross, a market place supported by pillars, a stone cage for prisoners, and some small houses with gabled or thatched roofs and bow windows containing horn-coloured glass.

As a Quaker, Mr Mason was no doubt attracted to the place by the fact that, since 1660, a Friends' Meeting House had been established in the town.

Now Mr Mason was an observant man, and looking out of his window on to his nice new meadow, he was intrigued by the fact that daily all the pigeons in the neighbourhood collected in a corner of it, pecking vigorously at some unknown object. Mr Mason surveyed the scene and became aware of the presence of a small spring surrounded by a deposit of crystals. He was further fascinated to observe that in the winter the water never froze. He fenced in his acquisition, and four years later he sent the water to be analysed. The results proved that the Cheltenham water contained all those mineral salts which are considered so valuable to health when indulged in at Bath. Mr Mason then let off his spring, and soon afterwards the Cheltenham waters were first advertised, together with the amenities of a bowling green; the inconspicuous birth of the finest neo-Grecian town in England was taking place.

It is the fashion to say that George III's visit to Cheltenham made the place. It is truer to say that it set the seal of fashion on what was already a flourishing concern. In the sixty-eight years which elapsed between the first advertisement and the royal visit much had been accomplished. The first event of importance was the advent of Captain Skillicorne, son-in-law to Mr Mason. Captain Skillicorne was a Manxman of no mean attainments, for we are told that he transacted business in seven languages and was invariably sober. Inheriting the remedial spring in 1728 he immediately built a small pump room and planted a fine avenue of elms as an approach to it. It cannot have been long before the healing waters attracted visitors, for we hear of Mrs Delany taking the waters in 1733, and before the decade was over a coach, named 'The Flying Machine,' was flying regularly between Cheltenham and London. It counted on doing the journey 'in three days if God permits.' Captain Skillicorne was 'encouraged to plant a lower walk' and Lady Stapleton to build herself 'The Great House' which, after her death, was converted into a boarding-house, where the visitors assembled for society and diversion. Their amusements were still of a rudimentary kind: 'Cudgel Matches' were much the fashion. An attractive notice informed the public that 'He that breaks most heads in 3 bouts and comes off clean, to receive one guinea and a good hat.' All those with broken heads received 1s., and, 'betwixt the hours of 10 and 2 there will be a gown jigged for by the girls.' Cock fighting was another attraction. Visitors became more numerous. In 1743 'The Town was full of fashionables,' including the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Lady Caroline Lennox, Lady Suffolk, and the poet Shenstone.

The next year saw the arrival of a visitor of a different sort: Wesley came to preach for the first time. He remarks that the liveried footmen made a disturbance at first but that he soon quietened them. Local tradition states that he preached at the people as they came out of their parish church and drew away a great crowd. This was the first of a series of visits during which the popularity of the preacher aroused increasing enthusiasm. In 1751 his disciple, the Countess of Huntingdon, settled herself in the town and established there a branch of her

Connection. Other important visitors were Handel and Dr Johnson. No wonder that a few years later 'The London Evening Post' wrote under the heading 'Cheltenham Spaw': 'There is a good deal of polite company here. The chearfulness of the place, its soft air and good accommodation make all the company quite happy.'

More sophisticated amusements were now at their disposal, for, in 1758, Mr Williams' company of comedians had established their headquarters in an old malt house, which they converted into a theatre. John Kemble was often seen on these boards. He tells how meagre were his finances, and recalls an occasion when, in order to raise sufficient with which to buy bread, he impersonated a Wesleyan minister in a local village, and took a collection which it afterwards made him blush to recall. In 1774 his sister, the great Mrs Siddons, was at Cheltenham with her husband and played in 'The Fair Penitent.' Lord Ailesbury and his stepdaughter, Miss Boyle, were staying in the town, and, on taking tickets for the performance, they made some joke as to the probable naïveté of a country cast. This joke was repeated to Mrs Siddons and annoyed her greatly; but, on the following morning, her husband was accosted by Lord Ailesbury, who congratulated him on his wife's wonderful rendering of the moving part, and explained that his own women folk had wept so much the night before that they were, as yet, in no fit state to appear in the public.

So great was the enthusiasm of the Ailesbury party that, through their good offices, Garrick was induced to send for Mrs Siddons. After seeing her act he immediately engaged her for Drury Lane. Mrs Siddons never broke her connection with Cheltenham and she and her brother constantly acted in the town.

In 1780 Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, came to take the waters. There were 374 visitors in Cheltenham that season. Provisions for such an influx came by country carrier. Cotswold mutton, Severn salmon, and lampreys provided good fare. Many of the visitors breakfasted in the long room of the Pump Room at 10 a.m. for the price of 1s. Others imbibed dishes of tea or chocolate for 6d. The journey from London cost one guinea in the coach, which started from The Bolt

and Tun, in Fleet Street; and 24s. by the diligence, which left 'The Swan with the Two Necks' in Lad's Lane. The duchess' visit was long remembered by her kindness in paying for the education of a poor boy named Miles Watkins who had pleased her by telling her all the local legends. Miles grew up to be an eccentric personality with a facility for picking up rich patrons. In his middle life he assisted a millionaire to give away vast sums in charity. However, in 1840, he became impoverished; but in the nick of time the Duchess Georgiana's son, the sixth Duke of Devonshire, visited Cheltenham, and hearing of Miles' plight provided a pension for his last years.

Soon after the duchess' visit another great house was raised. This was Fauconberg House, or Bays Hill Lodge, built for Lord Fauconberg by Captain Skillicorne.

The 'spaw' had now attained to such dimensions that it was thought proper to imitate Bath, and other places, by electing a Master of Ceremonies. The first to fill the office was a man named Simeon Moreau. That his advent was not universally popular may be gauged by the following lines which were circulated at that time.

'Lately an ape in the shape of a Beau
By the outlandish name of Monsieur M——u
Has officially come at the balls to preside,
To preserve etiquette and pay homage to pride.'

Visitors were urged to sign his book on arrival, after which Mr Moreau would give himself the pleasure of calling upon them. When they had returned this call it would be his duty to see that they received their proper precedence, and to effect introductions, where desired. Monsieur Moreau was the first, and greatest, of a series of such officials, who, amongst other things, formulated such rules as 'No gentleman shall appear at the Balls in undress trousers, or coloured pantaloons, and none save serving officers in boots or half boots.' Whilst no 'hired clerks, persons engaged in retail trade, public or theatrical performers,' were to appear at all. Various improvements were also put in hand about this time. Foot pavements, four and a half feet broad, were ordered and oil lamps were placed twenty-five yards apart, 'to burn for an hour after midnight, unless there be a full moon.'

II

Yet, despite all these modernisations, it was to a very unsophisticated town that George III made his way on July 12, 1788, under the orders of his physician, Sir George Baker.

There were no coffee-houses, though 'The Quality' were 'accommodated with syllabub at Gallipot Farm.' Nanny, the bell woman, performed the offices of toll collector, watchman, and town crier. She could neither read nor write, but she was a good hand at unloading wagons and would help Constable Oakey in arresting miscreants. Old Sally (Saunders), arrayed in a large black hat and red cloak, carrying a wicker basket with tape handles, delivered the letters, which came three times a week from London, at the cost of 9*d*. Whilst Hannah Forty operated the pump, as she was to do for nearly half a century.

A few sedan chairs perambulated the town, which boasted a circulating library (subscription 5*s*.) and a firm which hired out harpsichords. During the royal visit a fine company of players, including Mrs Jordan and Signor Rossignole, performed at the theatre, putting into the shade the late attractions of 'The Original Stone Eater' who had, some time previously, been advertised as follows: 'At a large commodious room at the Bell Inn stone eating and stone swallowing, and after the stones are swallowed, may be heard to clink in his belly the same as in a pocket, admission 1*s*., private performance at short notice.'

The loyal town had not seen a king since the time of Charles I, and immense crowds had collected from all over the country. Fifteen hundred visitors and three thousand inhabitants were in the streets, in addition to hundreds of strangers. The thirty lodging-houses had raised their fees from three guineas to twenty-five guineas a week. The church bells pealed, musicians played, and illuminations twinkled as George III, clad in a blue coat with gold cuffs, scarlet cap, and brown bob, leaning on his malacca cane (and accompanied by the Queen and Princesses), entered Fauconberg House. This building was far too small to contain the party. The Princesses had to double up. The Queen had to dress and undress

in her drawing-room, having no toilette apartment, and the King was the only gentleman who slept in the house. Even the housemaids were lodged in the town. The King took the cure seriously and conscientiously. At six in the morning he was at the pump, cracking jokes with Hannah. 'Mrs Forty, you and your husband together make 80' he observed, to the woman's delight; and, when Nanny the crier shouted 'God Save the King' in a frenzy of patriotism, he would reply, 'God save the crier and the good people.' He patronised Rosenberg, the silhouette artist, and the old soldier who designed watch ciphers. He sent for bats and balls, so that his servants should not want for exercise, and, in general, he proved himself accessible and affable to all his subjects. The extreme plainness of his dress caused him frequently to be mistaken for a farmer; an occurrence which gave him great pleasure, as he was in fact devoted to farming, and had mentioned, before his journey, 'that he hoped to get some hints from his good Gloucestershire farmers.'

In the afternoons the royal party would set out on distant expeditions, the King and Queen in their carriage and the Princesses riding beside them, accompanied by a brilliant galaxy of rank and fashion dressed so nearly in the royal style that their costume was called 'the Windsor uniform.' To Cranham they went to eat strawberries, to Sudeley to see the castle; even so far as Cirencester to Lord Bathurst's house, and to Tewkesbury to visit the abbey; but perhaps most of all, for he had a curious mind, the King enjoyed his visit to the cloth factory at Stroud, owned by Sir George Paul. Here he saw men dressed in white shirts and ribbons, weaving the scarlet cloth; and they were astonished at his knowledge of the machinery which they used.

The terror of the royal presence silenced the choir on the first Sunday of the visit, but on the next occasion, 'Select Singers mustered up courage and performed two psalms: The 84th, 'How pleasant are thy dwellings, Lord' was 'a very good counterpoint composition,' and with the help of 'a very good bassoon, was performed in a style superior to anything that could be expected.' On July 21 it is said that the Prince of Wales arrived and attended a great ball, but some doubts seem to exist as regards this occurrence. It is certain, however, that on

August 1 the Duke of York came to stay. In anticipation of this visit his devoted father had caused a small wooden house to be bodily carried from another part of the town and joined to Fauconberg House. Fanny Burney, who was in waiting on the Queen, tells us of the King's pathetic excitement at the arrival of his favourite son, and of his disappointment that the visit was to be a short one. The Duke and Captain Bunbury patronised Mrs Siddons' performance and at least three dukes and eight minor peers seem to have been present.

The Duke of York's departure was followed by influenza, which prostrated the ladies-in-waiting, but left the 'Royals' untouched to proceed to the Three Choirs Festival at Worcester. On their return they stayed a few more days in Cheltenham and departed on August 16 between a lamenting crowd, the 'gentles' drawn up on one side of the road and the 'commons' on the other. The Rank and Fashion went with them. There was little left to beguile the Cheltonians save one of the mops at which farm servants were hired out for the season.

III

With George III's visit the ambitions of Cheltenham grew, and soon after the turn of the century a neo-Greek town was building on the north side of the High Street. Lord Suffolk had bought up Gallipot Farm and built himself a fine residence upon its site, and Mr Thompson had purchased the de la Bere property and was busy converting it into the New Montpellier Spaw. There were waters of all kinds. The Old Well, the Sulphuretted Saline, the Chalybeate Saline, the Strong Muriatic Saline, and others. Subscriptions for a family were two guineas for the season. For one person, one guinea; for one day's drinking 1s., plus tips of 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. to the pumper.

Around the wells were beautiful walks and gardens in which musicians played from 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. The subscriptions to the walks were 10s. 6d. per family or 5s. for the individual. The warm bath made its appearance, and in its favour the local authors wrote tirades against 'The Mawkish Affectation which would seem to regard bathing as an act of effeminacy,' and 'the mistaken absurdity of creeping at once from the bath to the aired

bed.' Appeals were made to the Mosaic Law, which ordained bathing, but cautions regarding 'the too sudden daily indulgence in the gratification' were given.

In 1801 Simeon Moreau died and Mr King, of Bath, was elected in his place. As Cheltenham had a summer season, whilst Bath had a winter season, it was thought that he might 'conveniently fulfil both offices.' In this year Byron, on his way to Harrow, first stayed at Cheltenham. Here he had his fortune told by a gipsy, in a manner which made a permanent impression upon him, although only part of the prophecy seems actually to have been fulfilled. Charles James Fox was also a visitor; he was fascinated by the work of Dr Jenner, who was at that time living in Cheltenham, in Alpha House (locally known as the Pest House), from which he gave free vaccination to as many as three hundred persons in one day.

Mrs Fitzherbert visited the 'Spaw' in the following season. During her visit she was asked to a fête given by Colonel Macleod in honour of Princess Charlotte. The colonel seems to have been quite unembarrassed by the delicate situation. Whilst introducing Mrs Fitzherbert as 'The Regentess' he drank the healths of the Prince of Wales and his Consort and 'the lovely fruit of their union.' Harriot Mellon and Mrs Siddons were both performing in the town that year and the New Cambray Theatre was building. Harriot Mellon, like the Kembles, was to have a lifelong association with Cheltenham. By persistence and persuasion she succeeded in getting the Regent to interest himself in obtaining the office of postmistress for her mother, Mrs Entwistle. Later she invested her own savings in building a house as a speculation, but the egregious Mr King unkindly erected a mansion which entirely blocked the prospect which had been part of the charm of Harriot's house. Whilst soliciting help to remedy this disaster, Miss Mellon made the acquaintance of the great Mr Coutts, whom she married after the death of his first wife. (After Mr Coutts' death, as will be remembered, she married the Duke of St Albans.) In the days of her ducal greatness Harriot Mellon remembered Cheltenham with affection; she frequently visited the Spaw, gave considerable gifts to the poor, and erected a monument to her mother; who,

poor lady, would have had so much pleasure in seeing her child a duchess had she lived to see it.

In 1806 the town entertained an angel unaware, for Wellesley spent some days there on his way to Ireland, there to fulfil his promise to marry Miss Pakenham. Friends had written to Madame de Gontaut asking her to be kind to him, 'as he knew not a soul.' Madame de Gontaut met him in the pump room, and, as he walked home with her she dropped her garter. Wellesley picked it up, with the appropriate quotation. Later Madame de Gontaut had much satisfaction in recalling the incident. In the same year, 'The Female Orphanage' was opened under the patronage of Queen Charlotte. Here tippets were made for sums varying from 2*d.* to 6*d.*, night caps 4*d.*, or with double border 1*s.* Fine sheets from 1*s.* 6*d.* Hemming, seaming, and tacking at 1*d.* the yard and knitting at 2*d.* to 3*d.* the ounce.

In the following year the Prince of Wales (accompanied by Lord Hertford and Colonel MacMahon) lent his presence to the gaieties, and in the next year H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex graced Mr Ruff's galas, whilst the Duke of Gloucester began a series of visits of such long duration that he came to be accounted a resident.

Turning now from seasonal visitors we should make some mention of the county families who were so intimately associated with the town. The greatest figure was that of young Lord Dursley, the eldest son of the Earl of Berkeley, by Mary Cole, his wife. Dursley's life was inseparably connected with Cheltenham and an adventurous life it was to be. On his father's death some doubt arose as to the date of his parents' marriage, with the result that Dursley's claim to the peerage was not allowed. He inherited Berkeley Castle and all his father's great estates, but the peerage went to his younger brother, Moreton, who would not, however, assume the earldom. The Berkeley title therefore was not borne in this generation, and the erstwhile Viscount Dursley became famous under the name of Colonel Berkeley, until two peerages were successively created for him—those of Viscount Seagrave and Earl Fitzhardinge. Colonel Berkeley, inspired, as he says, by Somerville's poems, became an M.F.H. at so young an age that, he tells us, his hunt was known as 'The Pack and the Puppy,' and that his

hounds, to his great mortification, hunted a cur and some sheep. In a few years' time he became one of the finest masters of hounds of the century, and through many years he brought his pack to hunt the Cheltenham country at the beginning of each season. His entry into the town with his hounds and his sixty hunters was greeted by church bells and enthusiastic crowds; and the sport which he provided was considered one of the greatest assets of the Spaw. He was a brilliant amateur actor and forwarded every scheme for the benefit of the stage. Whilst at Berkeley Castle he entertained everyone of note and fashion who came to Cheltenham. Byron and Mrs Siddons and the ageing Joe Grimaldi were amongst his guests. His word was law and his adventures, which included the horsewhipping of a local editor, were followed with so keen an interest by the populace that when a disapproving minister refused to allow the joy bells to be rung on his arrival the crowd broke down the locked doors of the church and themselves rang a merry peal. The Duttons might be lord of the manor, but during his lifetime Colonel Berkeley appeared to own the place, and when Cheltenham was again allowed to return a member to Parliament various members of the Berkeley family were returned for many elections in succession. At the side of the Berkeleys the peers of Sherborne and Ducie and the families of Hicks and Elwes played their parts.

A new theatrical star appeared upon the scene in 1808. Edmund Kean, acting the part of Alonso the Brave, in green satin, electrified his audience.

He had many connections with the district; since he was married at Stroud, where he recalled having 'acted Shylock, danced the tightrope, sung a song, sparred with Mendoza and acted three-fingered Jack' all in a night; no mean tribute to his versatility. In the following year, a new royalty paid his tribute to the Spaw. This was the Prince of Orange, come to court Princess Charlotte. Mrs Fitzherbert was back again in 1810, a date which coincided, no doubt for a good reason, with the opening of the Roman Catholic chapel. In earlier years Catholics had attended Mass in the private rooms of the Abbé César, a chaplain to Louis XVI, who as a refugee had settled in Cheltenham, where he gave lessons in French.

Mrs Fitzherbert may have noted the appearance of the first 'fly' on the streets and the effects of the new order that the street posts were to be painted white instead of black, with a view to preventing accidents at night. (Notwithstanding which, most of the inhabitants still carried lanthorns.)

In 1811 Cheltenham was connected with a tragic event. In the height of the season, when Mrs Jordan was acting in 'The Devil to Pay' before a packed house, she received a note from the Duke of Clarence ordering her to meet him on Maidenhead Bridge. She arrived there to learn that the duke had decided to abandon her, after so many years of quasi-married life.

This season was notable for the number of French prisoners who were lodged in Cheltenham. These included General Lefebre Desnouettes, who was entertained by all and sundry, but more especially by that famous, though aged, précieuse, Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire, who at St. Julia's Cottage revived the atmosphere of earlier salons. Another of the old guard now established in the Spaw was Lady Jersey, who had been George IV's mistress at the time of his marriage to Queen Caroline. To her contemporaries she was a byword of wickedness, but such of her letters as escaped destruction by her executors (the Duke of Wellington and Lord Clarendon) give the impression of a most delightful and charming personality. This year Colonel Macleod's cup of happiness was filled to the brim, for Princess Charlotte sent him a pie to be eaten at the birthday fête which he gave annually in her honour.

1812 was made famous by the 'affaire Lefebre.' The general shocked society by breaking his parole. In vain the Cheltenham crier besought the good people to search for him. He was on the high seas, accompanied by his wife dressed as a page.

Byron, who had bitter experience of female pages, must have been amused at the incident. He spent six months at Cheltenham this year, and seems to have liked his visit, which he celebrated in an ode.

'Yes, all are gone that marked the rural scene!

No more thy groves and orchards meet the eye,
And where the humble village once had been,

Stands now thy sculptured buildings tow'ring high,

And gilded spires that climb the azure sky,
And sweeping terraces and grand parades,
And circling crescents ! Oh, what place can vie
With thy fair avenue and cooling shades,
Or boast such beauteous forms as throng thy promenades ?'

The beauteous forms included those of the Ladies Holland and Cowper, and more particularly that of Lady Oxford, whose residence, Georgiana Cottage, is mentioned with affection in Byron's letters. Byron first proposed to Annabella Milbanke during this season. He was under the care of Doctor Boisragon and seems to have derived much benefit from his treatment. Young Roscius was the principal star of that autumn.

In the following year a crowd of French royalties came to take the waters. These included Louis XVIII, the Comte d'Artois, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. One of their suite, the Comte de Rohan Chabot, was taken ill and died during the visit, and the little Catholic chapel was crowded to capacity for his funeral service.

On September 3 Cheltenham witnessed a spectacle which filled it with wonder. Mr Sadler, having filled his balloon with gas (produced by 35 cwt. of sulphuric acid and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of iron filings) proposed to rise in it, but, as it was found that it would not lift his weight, his sixteen-years-old son made the ascent in his place, to the astonishment of all beholders. The Cheltonians felt that a new age was indeed upon them ; but past customs were recalled by the crossroads burial of poor Sarah Humphries, who had committed suicide. A queer symbolic fitness seemed to lie at the root of this habit of burying at the parting of the ways those who could not travel the road of life.

In the year of Waterloo Louis Philippe honoured the town with his presence, as apparently did also Princess Jerome Bonaparte, ' rendered so particularly interesting by her beauty, misfortunes, and amiable manner.' She was an American, Miss Patterson, and had been refused access to France by Napoleon—her brother-in-law. But exiled royalties could not compare in interest with ' The Deliverer of Europe,' who was sent to Cheltenham in 1816 to recover from the effects of his campaign. No longer was there any need for an introductory letter to Madame de Gontaut. Three cardboard arches, painted

to resemble stone, and bearing portraits of the duke, fireworks, illuminations, and vast crowds greeted his triumphal entry. A ball for fourteen hundred people was given at the New Assembly Rooms, which had just been erected at a cost of £60,000. The duke was able to see how much building had gone on during his absence. The New Montpellier Pump Room was almost completed and the whole district was greatly developed.

Edmund Kean was in Cheltenham during the season. It saw also the first appearance on the stage of Macready, who played the part of Orestes in 'The Distressed Mother.' He was later to make Cheltenham his home. The Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael came to the Spaw in 1817, and that year was celebrated by the foundation of 'The Coburg Society,' a charity which provided linen for 'worthy women of the lower classes in their confinements.'

Mr King, the master of the ceremonies, was dead and had been succeeded by Mr Fothergill, whose short reign of three years witnessed many startling developments. These included the lighting by gas of the principal streets of the town, the building of the famous promenade, which has ever since given to the Spaw a decidedly continental character, and the initiation, in 1819, of the Cheltenham Races, to the upkeep of which Colonel Berkeley gave one thousand pounds and the Duke of Gloucester one hundred guineas. The town was now at the zenith of its fame. No wonder that a local author could write.

'The presence of the lovely, the titled and the fashionable as they parade up and down the grand walk to the sound of music, . . . presents a scene unsurpassed by the highest idealisations, . . . The gay scene must be witnessed to be rightly conceived . . . for nothing can exceed the animation and splendour of the morning parade, except indeed it be that of the evening parade.'

In this aura of splendour poor Mr Fothergill passes from the scene. His wife died suddenly, and when the day of the funeral came, 'at the very moment that the hearse arrived to convey her remains to the grave his widowed heart gave way and he died in convulsions in less than half an hour.'

Mr Marshall took his place and held the office until 1835, when Colonel Kirwan, the last master of the

ceremonies, was elected. One of Mr Marshall's first duties was to greet George IV, who passed through the town on his way to Ireland soon after his coronation.

1822 was noted for the longest run ever made by the Berkeley Hounds—it lasted a matter of five and a half hours. It was also marked by a second balloon ascent. This time the town boasted gas lighting, so common gas was employed, and Messrs Griffiths & Green made a successful ascent.

Some of the familiar figures had disappeared. Lady Jersey was dead and so was the great Mr Coutts, but plenty of famous worthies remained. There was the Irish Colonel Charretie, who had fought a duel with Mr Sanguinetti; and the still more famous Fulwar Craven, the last of the Dandies, who was eccentric enough to give lifts to sweeps and organ-grinders in his smart gig.

IV

When, in 1824, the Reverend Francis Close was appointed assistant curate at Trinity Church, no shudder of foreboding is reported to have shaken the 'beau monde.' The fashionables saw an earnest and good-looking young clergyman, and that was all. They were in fact contemplating their own doom, but they were unaware of the fact.

Francis Close was of Evangelical tendencies; he hated the theatre, he hated the races, he hated the balls and the parades which had fascinated the Regency bucks. Born a Victorian before his season, he viewed in his mind a very different Cheltenham, where learning and medicine would gravely combine, unaided by the lighter arts and decorations of life. Diverse factors played into his competent hands. Europe, which had been closed to travellers for a generation, was now open to English visitors, with all its varieties of Spaws; but, above all things, the rising generation was to share his views. Yet many were blind to the oncoming of 'the Close Season.' A new palladian town on the south side of the High Street was building. Six hundred houses were contracted for, besides a splendid pump room, a copy of the Greek temple at Ilissus (later destroyed by the Turks). In fact only

one hundred houses were erected in Pittville; but Mr Pitt completed his pump room in 1825 at immense cost to himself, and the Painswick Youths rang a peal for its opening.

At the same time Francis Close inaugurated a more serious undertaking, an infant school, where children, from the age of two years, could be left whilst their parents went to work. Mr King, unperturbed by sermons against dancing, inaugurated a first ball at the Montpellier Rotunda, 'Ladies in promenade costume, but gentlemen in full evening dress,' and in the winter he organised some 'extraordinaries,' or fancy dress balls, at the Assembly Rooms. On these occasions the bachelors defrayed the cost and were thereby able to return the hospitality which had been offered them in summer. So it seemed as though Mr Close had made very little impression; but in 1827 he attacked racing with vigour, preaching a sermon on the evil consequences of attending the race-course, and not so long afterwards the grandstand was broken up and sold for firewood and the races ceased to take place. In 1839 the theatre was burnt down, and Mr Close's advice had fallen on such good ground that it was not built up again. During the forties the great and the fashionable gradually drifted away. In 1828 they were still there in some form. The local journalist chronicles with satisfaction the presence of the Princes Esterhazy, Schwarzenberg, Hazelberg, (*sic*) Pückler-Muskau, the Dukes of Beaufort, Buckingham and Manchester and half a dozen earls, but with greater relish he recalls yet another visit of Wellington. This time the Iron Duke spent an hour in the bath, during which time he read ten newspapers and journals. On his way home he would invariably stop at the shop of Mr Abrahams, the optician, to read the barometer and speculate upon the weather. Royalty continued their patronage. Queen Adelaide spent some time at the Spaw. Balloon ascents continued 'in beautiful style,' but somehow the life of the town was changing. Not that the city was falling into decay—far from it. It was enlarging year by year, but its character was altering, its amusements were becoming more sober. It boasted no more of galas or stone eaters, rather it advertised that Lord Northwick's magnificent pictures were on view, 'upon

fine days,' in Thirlestane House, and that 'a literary and philosophical institute had been erected.'

Many churches were built, including a free church, where such of the poor as could not get into the parish church might worship free of cost—a facility denied them in the four other churches. Of Trinity, Mr Close's church, the guide book naïvely remarks that pew rents were high, as this was the only manner in which the shareholders of the joint stock company which had built the church could get their money back!

In 1831 Cheltenham returned its first member to Parliament since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was the Hon. C. F. Berkeley, and when in 1847 he unfortunately publicly alluded to people dying of miasma in the town, and was consequently not re-elected, Lord Fitzhardinge removed his hounds from the ungrateful borough.

1831 was made remarkable by the fact that the 'Hinrondelle' coach first began running from Cheltenham to Liverpool in one day. About the same time the Watch gave way to the new police force.

Another portent was the exhibition of a steam coach, which perambulated the streets to the wonder of the inhabitants. Ten years later the railway reached the town. A last effort of frivolity was manifested in the purchase of the galleries used at the Eglintoun Tournament. These were set up in the Montpellier Gardens, where musical promenades took place. 'No servants admitted.' The Quality, deprived of their theatre, consoled themselves with the marionettes at the Sadler's Wells, the visit of the Italian Opera Company to the Assembly Rooms, and a concert by Jenny Lind at the Rotunda; but now they were conscious that they were fighting a losing battle. In 1849 a prize was offered for an essay which should extol the waters of Cheltenham above those of her continental rivals; and, still more significant, in 1851 there appeared a pathetic refutation of the fact that 'Public Amusements, especially Balls, are objected to by many well meaning people, on the score of their deteriorating influence.'

Mr Close (soon to be Dean of Carlisle) had won the day. Visitors had vanished in favour of residents. The 'waters which had once 'cured those who arrived well'

were now perhaps more usefully engaged in ministering to the torpid livers of retired empire builders. The 'Proprietary' College had been founded for their sons; soon the 'Ladies College' would arise to educate their daughters. The private academies where 'Young Ladies were instructed in English grammar, history, geography, needlework, and the use of the globes' for thirty guineas per annum. 'Writing, arithmetic, and French—separate charges' were no more. Gone too were the races, the theatre, and the Berkeley Hunt. Yet the infant crèche, St Paul's Free Church, and the Dean Close School stood as a testimony to the man who was reputed to 'kick his Parishioners to Heaven.' After a century of raffish and precarious glory Cheltenham settled to seemly and sedate prosperity. And now another century is gone, the Dean's influence has waned—the amusements he disapproved of are again established in the town and the war has caused a new flood of visitors to besiege its hospitable houses, which are fuller to-day than they have been since the great days of George III. London stars are appearing before its footlights and London firms are finding new homes in its streets, and once again Europe is closed to travellers.

Perhaps Cheltenham is embarking upon a third phase of development. But whatever it may be, it will be something new. The past cannot be re-enacted. Its lament was sung by a "Cheltenham Troubadour" in the year 1830 :

'Tis gone with its morning potations,
Its sulphurous draughts of saline;
Hygeia retailed at thy stations
By nymphs that are aught but divine.
'Tis gone with its soft serenadings—
Its evening illusions and schemes;
Its brilliant and gay promenadings—
Its music, its moonshine, and dreams.
'Tis gone with its belles and its beauties,
Its fops, post meridian, in years,
Its heroes unscar'd by their duties,
Its pensioners, placemen and peers.
'Tis gone with its whims and its fancies,
Each striving, tho' vainly, to please;
'Tis gone with its balls and its dances,
Its waltzes and fiddle-de-dees.

'Tis gone with its thorns and its roses—
'Twere folly its loss to repine.
Time's charnel the Season enclosures,
Eighteen hundred and twenty-nine.'

MARJORIE VILLIERS.

The author's thanks are due to Mr Herdman of The Cheltenham Art Gallery and Museum.

Art. 4.—BADEN-POWELL.

LORD BADEN-POWELL would at times refer with a smile to his 'double life'; he was thinking of the two careers which brought him fame—his life as a soldier, and his life as the founder of a world youth movement. For most people the first is summed up in the word 'Mafeking' and the second in the term 'Boy Scout.' Yet the two parts of his work were not separated by any clear-cut division; the second developed out of the first.

He was born in 1857, one of the younger sons of a large family which had been left in none too affluent circumstances when the father, the Rev. H. G. Baden-Powell, died in 1860. He had been Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, and one of the contributors to 'Essays and Reviews.' Mrs Baden-Powell was a remarkable woman, and she faced her task of bringing up a growing family with courage. Amongst her circle of friends were Thackeray and John Ruskin; she herself had a marked talent as a painter in water-colours, and her interests went beyond her home in work for hospitals and for the education of women.

There was little formal early education; the children were encouraged to make their own lives out of doors. In this way Baden-Powell received the foundation for his lifelong love of nature in all its moods, and his first training in close observation of nature.

In 1870 he entered Charterhouse as a Gownboy Foundationer; this was two years before the school moved from London, so the new boy experienced first the busy life of the city and then the quiet of the country. Dr Haig Brown was headmaster at that period, and Baden-Powell always spoke in admiration of his skill in dealing with boys and of his very human outlook. School life at that time was not so completely organised as to-day, and a boy could without loss of prestige follow his own interests. At Godalming, Baden-Powell found many opportunities for exploring the countryside and for acquiring more of the elements of scouting. At the school he was popular, but regarded as slightly eccentric. He was an all-round but not outstanding sportsman, and his scholastic record was certainly not brilliant. He must, however, have learned more than was suspected, for when

he took the Army examination in 1876 he was placed second in the cavalry group and fourth for the infantry. He was given a direct commission in the 13th Hussars, and joined the regiment in Lucknow.

He was fortunate in his colonel, Sir Baker Russell, an unconventional soldier who put more value on initiative in a soldier than on his knowledge of drill. This suited the young subaltern, who would have chafed under a more rigid commander. Baden-Powell quickly discovered two outlets for his energy, which became the motives of his after work, both as soldier and youth-leader. He deliberately set out to devise methods for encouraging his men to use their own brains and to accept responsibility instead of relying on their officers; his second discovery was the joy of scouting—a much-neglected branch of army training at that period.

He was deeply devoted to his work as a soldier, but he also found time for many other activities. From Charterhouse days he gained a reputation as an actor and mimic, and his contributions to concerts and entertainments and theatricals were always greeted with enthusiasm. He had a keen sense of fun, and as a young man gave expression to it in many a frolic and jest. Sport attracted him particularly if there were any element of risk in it; thus, he soon became an expert at pig-sticking, and in 1883 won the Kadir Cup. This sport provided him with the subject for his first book, 'Pig-sticking or Hog-hunting,' published in 1889, and soon accepted as authoritative. This was not the first time he had appeared in print. As a subaltern his income was a modest £120 a year, and he had no private income, nor any of the other resources open to most young officers. He was determined to be self-supporting, and he added to his income by using his pen both as writer and artist. He was soon contributing to such journals as 'The Graphic' and the old 'Badminton.' His style was straightforward and conversational; for years he sent his mother an illustrated diary-letter, and this practice doubtless helped to form his very personal way of writing. His skill as an artist was notable; his early black-and-white sketches are careful and detailed, but he soon developed an ability to reduce a scene or an action to its essentials. Perhaps his best drawings are of animals, for he never lost his love of watching them, and

his last days in Kenya were spent in this lifelong pursuit. His water-colours are characterised by simplicity of colouring, and in some he achieved a freshness that is most attractive and satisfying.

Soldiering, social life, and sport did not sum up Baden-Powell's whole life. From time to time he had an urge to get right away from civilisation, and, with one or two 'boys,' he would set off for some unfrequented spot where he could sketch and observe in solitude. In this way he laid the foundations for his considerable knowledge not only of the ways of the wild but of native habits and customs.

In 1884 the regiment was sent to Natal to take part in Sir Charles Warren's Bechuanaland Expedition. This was his first visit to the country which was to become a second homeland to him. There was no fighting, but Baden-Powell was sent out on a reconnaissance of the passes of the Drakensberg to the Boer frontier. Here his talent as an actor had full play, for he posed at various times as a journalist, or an artist, or a sportsman. The information he gained was important, but its value was not recognised at the time; when the Boer War broke out his corrections to the map had not been recorded, and his advice against holding Ladysmith was ignored.

Three years of home service followed, and then in 1887 he again went to South Africa, this time as A.D.C. to his uncle, General Sir Henry Smyth, who was appointed G.O.C. The first year was without excitement; but in 1888 came the campaign against Dinizulu, when Baden-Powell acted as Intelligence Officer, and once more had an outlet for his scouting genius. At the end of this expedition he was promoted brevet-major.

In the following year he served as secretary to a Commission on Swaziland, and this gave him an opportunity for learning more about the Zulus—a people for whom he had much admiration.

Sir Henry Smyth was appointed Governor of Malta in 1890, and he took his nephew with him as military secretary; but this rather humdrum position was changed to that of Intelligence Officer for the Mediterranean in the following year. It was then that Baden-Powell had many of those experiences which he recorded in his book 'The Adventures of a Spy'; in later years he did similar

work on the Continent, sometimes in the company of his younger brother.

A period of normal military duty with his regiment was followed by the Ashanti Expedition of 1895 against Prempeh. Baden-Powell's task was to command a native levy of pioneers. A route had to be made from the coast to Kumassi, and this meant the building of many bridges and the clearing of jungle. Considerable ingenuity was called for at times to overcome practical problems, but such difficulties always called out the best in Baden-Powell; smooth living and routine ways spelt boredom for him. The expedition was successful without bloodshed, and he published a record of it under the title 'The Downfall of Prempeh' (1896).

Soon after he returned from Ashanti he was asked to go as chief staff officer to Sir Frederick Carrington on the Matabele Expedition. This was to prove, in his own words, 'the best adventure of my life.' The expedition called for all that scouting skill, that resourcefulness and courage of which B.-P. was capable. He proved so successful that the Matabele gave him the name of 'Impeesa,' which means 'the beast who does not sleep.' Such was the reputation he quickly gained that at sight of him the enemy would shout out his name with savage intensity. Though he never shirked danger—and indeed seemed to court it—he had the true scout's caution. He put the matter in this way :

'One so often finds men full of pluck who would scout into the mouth of hell if you asked them—they would go slap-dash, bang in; but what one wants is a man who, besides having the pluck to go there, has the discretion to see how he is going to get back again with the information of what it is like.'

This wedding of pluck with discretion, combined with an uncanny power to read 'sign,' made him the greatest of army scouts, for he always got the information if humanly obtainable. During the last part of the campaign he worked in collaboration with Colonel Plumer, and the future field-marshal paid tribute to B.-P.'s 'able reconnoitring, and the wonderful knowledge he had acquired of all the intricacies of the fastnesses of the hills.'

It was during this campaign that he experimented with uniform; the cow-boy hat, for instance, was adopted for

practical reasons : it gave reasonable protection from sun and was lighter than a helmet ; it was useful when going through the bush to shield the eyes and ears ; and ' it can be slept in.' Baden-Powell always had good reasons for what he did, and the hat now so closely associated with him was not adopted as a flourish but for its usefulness.

His book, ' The Matabele Campaign ' (1896), is in some ways the most readable of his writings ; it is as fresh as the diary-letters on which it was based.

He was promoted brevet-colonel after the Matabele Campaign, and in 1897 was in India in command of the 5th Dragoon Guards. While he was on leave in England two years later he was chosen by Wolseley for special work in South Africa. The field-marshal had long before noted him down as a man of resource, and the task selected was just suited to Baden-Powell's special abilities. He had to organise a police force for the north-west frontier of Cape Colony in view of the possibility of war with the Boers. He had practically completed his organisation when war broke out, and he was then with part of his force at Mafeking. This small town had an importance quite beyond its size ; it was a natural centre for trade, and its retention involved the prestige of the British amongst the native population. The story of the famous siege has often been told. B.-P. himself called it ' largely a piece of bluff,' and so indeed it was from one aspect. Its defence depended on his inexhaustible ingenuity in devising schemes for holding a superior enemy at bay. As a moral tonic for England at a time when things were going badly the siege was of the greatest value. At the beginning some ten thousand Boers were held round Mafeking when their presence on the coast would have hampered the landing of troops ; at no time were there less than two thousand.

The public naturally exaggerated the military importance of Mafeking, but its defender never made that mistake. He became a hero, and rightly so, for he had displayed just those qualities which we all admire—pluck, resourcefulness, and audacity, and a never-failing cheerfulness. The raising of the siege set him free for further campaigning, until Lord Roberts decided that he was just the man for another unusual task. This was to raise and

train a body of police for use at the conclusion of the war. So the South African Constabulary came into existence organised on lines laid down by Baden-Powell. Its immediate success was largely due to his skill as a trainer of men on unorthodox lines. He did not want men who had become rigid by military discipline, and he annoyed many by his refusal to take old soldiers; he preferred young colonials and men with a sense of self-reliance who could be trusted to use their own heads in an emergency. Discipline was rigid and the training was severe, but he set the example of hard work and unceasing vigilance; he was always ready to praise at the right time, and his keen eye for the pretentious and the false helped to set a high standard of conduct and achievement.

For six months after the war he remained in command of the S.A.C.; he was then called home to be Inspector-General of Cavalry. Again he did valuable work in reorganising training. He studied at first hand methods used on the Continent—for he was always open to new ideas, provided they would stand the test of practice. At the end of five years he was promoted lieutenant-general. It looked as though his active army career was at an end, but Lord Haldane persuaded him to take on the comparatively humble work of commanding the Northumbrian Division of the new Territorial Army. Baden-Powell threw himself into the new task with his usual energy, and the lines of training he used were not unlike those now being employed for the Home Guard.

Meantime a new interest had been growing—the Boy Scouts. This was not a sudden development, but grew out of his previous experiences. His army work had meant the training of many young men for special purposes, and he had found that his own life as a scout provided him with an unrivalled method of drawing out the best in each individual. After Mafeking there were two developments which pointed the way. Many boys wrote to their hero for advice, and he took great trouble to answer their letters as helpfully as he could. In the siege he had found how useful boys could be if given some responsibility; this had impressed him at the time. The appeal made by his unknown boy-correspondents was therefore met with full sympathy. The second development concerns his military textbook, 'Aids to Scouting' (1899).

On his return to England he was surprised to find that this was being used by some schools as a method of training in observation and deduction.

The next stage was reached when Sir William Smith, the founder of the Boys' Brigade, captured his interest. Baden-Powell felt that some of his scouting practices might prove an additional attraction for boys and a more colourful means of training than the Brigade already provided. He therefore, at Sir William's instigation, set down on paper his ideas on how scouting could be adapted to the use of boys. His intention was to provide an additional, not an alternative, way of training for existing boy organisations such as the Brigades and the Y.M.C.A. Boy's Sections.

The outcome of this was the publishing of 'Scouting for Boys' in fourpenny parts. Sir Arthur Pearson had become interested and undertook the publication of the book, of which some half-million copies have now been sold, in addition to translations into many languages. The book was not the expression of a theory—the basis of the practical exercises is found in B.-P.'s life as a soldier; but before he adapted these to the needs of boys he tried them out in camp at Brownsea Island in 1907 with a mixed company of twenty boys chosen from different walks of life. He was—as the boys indeed were—satisfied with the results. But he had more than a practical scheme in mind; he wanted to do something to set before boys a high ideal of living. As far back as 1901, in writing to one of his boy admirers, he had suggested the doing of a daily good turn as a means of forming a habit of thinking of others. Now he framed a code of conduct, and for this he examined many codes, such as that of chivalry, before drawing up his Scout Law. In this way he linked up exciting activities with moral purpose.

His conception of scouting as an additional activity for existing organisations had to be abandoned. No sooner were the fortnightly parts of 'Scouting for Boys' out than the boys themselves began to form scout patrols with or without the help of adults. It soon became clear that if excesses were to be avoided some kind of organisation would have to be formed. So the first Scout Headquarters was established in Pearson's office, and Baden-Powell was soon busy answering letters asking for advice,

visiting boys who called themselves scouts, talking to gatherings of adults who were interested, and indeed acting as the leader of a new youth movement, for such the force of events compelled him to be.

The movement spread rapidly. The choice now presented itself of either continuing his army career, or of taking charge of the Boy Scouts. Had he chosen the first, he would doubtless have gone far for his contemporaries were the leaders in the 1914 war. He had reached high rank at an early age, and, in spite of a curious legend which still persists, his special merits were fully recognised by the Army authorities. It must have been a hard decision to make; he was proud of his profession, and it needed great self-sacrifice to cut himself off from the Army, and all that it meant in happiness and achievement, to take charge of a boy's movement with a very uncertain future. But he chose the Boy Scouts, and in making his decision he was influenced by King Edward VII, who quickly saw the value of the new movement, and by the Secretary for War, Lord Haldane. The latter realised the educational possibilities in the scout way of training; he wrote: 'I feel that the organisation of your Boy Scouts has so important a bearing on the future that probably the greatest service you can render to the country is to devote yourself to it.'

That long-sighted opinion has now been amply confirmed, but at the time it must have seemed rather exaggerated. The Boy Scouts were ridiculed by some and strongly criticised by others. The unusual garb—for shorts in those days were not customary, even for boys—and the 'Good Deed' became popular jokes; and the possible military tendencies were regarded with disfavour by many. This last criticism has not yet died down; B.-P.'s own strong feeling for the Empire, and his early pleading for 'being prepared' for future tests of the nation's strength, doubtless helped to foster the belief that scouting was another and more insidious form of cadet training. In a sense this was true, for the qualities of character developed by scouting are as valuable in war as in peace; but the emphasis in the movement has always been on good citizenship, which may, or may not, mean defending one's country, but which does mean service to the country in peace as in war.

But whatever general opinion may have been in the early days, educationalists were soon alive to the implications of Baden-Powell's discoveries—for his inborn understanding of boy-nature resulted in new ways of character-training. To-day these seem commonplace, but in 1908 they were almost revolutionary. First he stressed the importance of trusting the boy and giving him responsibility, even at the risk of occasional failure—and he never claimed that there would not be failures to respond to that trust. Secondly he pointed out the need for setting before the boy a positive, not negative, standard of conduct—this he embodied in the Scout Law. Thirdly he captured the boy's love of romance by the nature of the activities—pioneering, camping, and the like—offered him in scouting. Fourthly he made use of the gang, or 'secret society,' urge of the boy by organising the scouts in small patrols, each with its own leader. Each of these characteristics may be found elsewhere in other movements, but it was Baden-Powell's achievement to weld all into one scheme.

In the early days he gave almost all his time to the needs of the growing movement; no problem was too small for his attention, and his inventiveness was equal to most difficulties. His own personality played a large part in the success of the work. To call him a simple man may convey a wrong meaning, but it is hard to find a better description. He himself was the embodiment of what he was teaching. There was never any sign of pretentiousness; and in spite of the many honours which were showered upon him he remained a most companionable man—easy to talk with or to work under. His hatred of humbug would at times result in some so-called indiscretion, but his sincerity was so clear that offence was rarely taken. This can be best seen perhaps in his attitude towards religious problems connected with the movement. He held strongly that the boy is more likely to find God in the open air than in constant teaching and preaching in stuffy surroundings or in a slum environment. There was something Wordsworthian in his faith. This inevitably brought down on him the accusation of being a pantheist; but, like Wordsworth, he adhered to the Established Church, and did not hesitate to criticise some of its methods of teaching the young. His own deep faith

was undoubtedly strengthened from early days by his close contact with nature ; we have already seen how as a subaltern in India he would get right away from companions to live alone in the wild—watching, sketching, writing, and thinking. He never formulated his religious beliefs, but he based his Scout Law on the principle that we learn by practice rather than by precept ; the ten Laws are positive—there is no prohibition—and they set a standard of conduct which the boy promises to put into practice in his own life. He believed that in that way the boy would find the basis for religious faith.

Few men have lived so fully. His interests were many and varied. At all times he found pleasure in exercising his skill as an artist, and at committee meetings and other business gatherings he found relief in sketching on his blotting-pad ; sometimes he would draw caricatures of the members, or he would devise a cartoon to illustrate his own ideas on the subject being discussed. He never 'doodled,' as most of us do, when bored by aimless arguments round the table.

Nor did he know the meaning of the word 'rest.' Relaxation came by change of occupation. He was never a ball-playing man, and this has had its effect on the programme of scouting. While he did not frown on cricket and football—provided they were played and not watched—he preferred that the boys should find their sport in camping, hiking, mountaineering, and other outdoor activities. He himself, for instance, was in later years a keen fisherman, and it was always understood that 'fishing days' must be included in any tour he was making if season and place allowed. Scouting has often been criticised for not making more use of formal physical training. This again is a reflection of his own practice. He urged every boy to do some simple exercises every morning out-of-doors or at the open window, and for the rest of his physical training to find it in scout games and camping. He himself slept out-of-doors whenever possible ; the verandah at home was his bedroom. He would get up early (for a few hours' sleep was all he needed), do his exercises, and then go off with his dogs for a run : this was often at 'scout's pace'—an idea he got from the Zulus ; it is part trotting and part walking, and eats up the miles without undue fatigue.

B.P.'s habits were simple. Smoking he gave up in his early scouting career, as he found it blunted his sense of smell; but in other matters he was easily satisfied and made no attempt to impose his own tastes on others. He was very companionable, and his 'insatiable curiosity' gave him a keen interest in the life of each individual who talked with him. No one felt in talking with him that he was the hero of Mafeking, or 'The General' or 'The Chief,' for his sincere interest in his companion's views and experiences soon banished any initial feeling of awe which rank and fame produced.

He was over fifty by the time the Scout Movement was well launched, and most people must have thought him a confirmed bachelor; it was therefore a happy surprise to hear that he was to marry Miss Olave St Clair Soames in 1912. From then onwards he was to have the added joy of family life and companionship. Anyone who has visited him at home knows something of what it meant to him; there was not only the happiness of his children, but the joy of making his house and gardens places of contentment. Visitors might find him hard at work out-of-doors, and they would be immediately called in to help. But home meant more than this. Lady Baden-Powell soon proved a powerful assistant in his Scout and Guide work, and the success of the latter movement owes much to her initiative and drive. But all feel deeply indebted to her for the care she lavished on 'The Chief,' so that as far as humanly possible growing years should not impair his service to the movements he had created. These expanded in many directions.

One surprising development was the extension all over the Empire and to foreign countries. This too was unpremeditated. Scouts sprang up wherever men or boys got to know of the scheme, and within a few years of the publication of 'Scouting for Boys,' not only the Dominions and Colonies claimed the Founder's attention, but other countries called for his presence. So he began that series of world tours which so greatly helped to consolidate a world youth movement. He himself, once the initial surprise was passed, saw great possibilities in this vast extension. If boys and girls throughout the world could form a band of allies actuated by the same high ideals and the same way of

life they would make no uncertain contribution to world peace.

It may seem now that this was an idle dream, but those who have shared in the international camps, the jamborees and moots, of the past twenty years, have not lost faith. They know that the good fellowship there experienced amongst boys and girls of many nations is not lost even in the midst of the present disasters; sooner or later it will emerge stronger than ever from the testing of these days, and on it will arise a saner world.

Baden-Powell never lost his own belief in that future. His last years were spent in Kenya—in the Africa he so greatly loved—as a man of over eighty years. To the last he was writing words of encouragement to his boys and to their leaders. Some of his later words must be quoted.

‘One thing is essential to general and permanent peace, and that is a total change of spirit among the peoples, the change to closer mutual understanding, to subjugation of national prejudices, and the ability to see with the other fellow’s eye in friendly sympathy.’

That was the message which he preached in scouting, and the truth of it cannot be questioned. To that work of mutual understanding the Scout Movement has contributed its part—not a great part perhaps, for even such a world-wide movement accounts for but a small percentage of the whole, but yet a contribution of value.

The Founder has died full of years and honours, but his work will continue to forge bonds of understanding between boys all over the world. There must be amongst the many millions who looked to Baden-Powell as their leader much human sorrow for his passing, but there is also much hope that what he so truly built will stand the storms and stresses of many a future generation.

E. E. REYNOLDS.

Art. 5.—WAR AND KARMA: A KARMIC INTER-
PRETATION OF WAR.

IN the first months of the Four Years' War, whilst in the mud and snows of Flanders, in the trenches of the Aisne, the long stalemate was beginning, I read one day in the sober philosophical magazine called the 'Hibbert Journal' an article dealing with the responsibilities for the fatal struggle caused by the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand.

The high intellectual level and impartiality of this article struck me all the more because it was signed by a Russian, bearer incidentally of one of the best known names of Baltic nobility. This Baltic philosopher considered the problem in all independence from nationalist prejudice, whilst applying to it in a quite unexpected but perfectly logical way the Buddhist conception of the law of causality called *Karma*. He stated that the evil Karma had been sown, then let loose, not simply by the brutal decision of the German General Staff or the ambition of Count Berchtold and General Conrad von Hoetzendorf, but by the evil wishes and thoughts, the compromises and failures of European political thought as a whole, which followed the upsetting by Bismarck of the ethical balance gradually established in Europe after the Vienna Congress; it was indeed the Iron Chancellor who had again made fashionable the old and hard maxim 'Might comes before (or creates) Right,' which in German becomes the curt: 'Macht ist Recht.'

The author of the above-mentioned essay added that, in conformity with Buddhist teachings, with which he appeared familiar, the evil Karma for which everybody was more or less responsible had to burn itself out in expiatory ruins and sufferings before the road could be again cleared for a new and better era.

The obvious successes of Bismarck's 'Machtpolitik,' the selectionist theories of Darwin (struggle for life, survival of the fittest), and the generalisation of these theories into a 'Jungle Law' embracing human societies, also the favour found by the stimulating teachings of Nietzsche (Will to Power, etc.) had certainly between 1870 and 1910 developed in Europe a state of mind ready in international politics to admire rather boldness,

strength, and especially success, than the respectable virtues still commended to individuals.

A striking example of this new turn of mind was shown at the starting of the Russo-Japanese conflict; when in 1904 the Japanese fleet attacked without any previous declaration of war the Russian squadron anchored in the roads of Port Arthur, thus grabbing the decisive trump of naval superiority which was to enable Japan to carry her armies to Manchuria and to strike down the Russian colossus, nobody was shocked; this contempt of international law had precisely the Nietzschean touch then so fashionable. Therefore the German, or rather, Prussian statesmen, heirs to the Iron Chancellor's traditions, if not to his intelligence, having invented the myth of the French airplanes over Nürnberg and violated 'preventively' Belgian neutrality, candidly expected, if not congratulations, at least a tacit admiration on the part of the witnesses of the struggle.

Let us point out that the author of the article in the 'Hibbert Journal' did not deny that in July to August 1914 the Central Empires had been responsible for the material outbreak of the catastrophe, but, as aforesaid, he insisted that everybody was more or less responsible for the attitude, the mental 'climate' which had borne as fruit the German conception (the end justifying the means) and its logical consequences, preventive war, violation of Belgian neutrality, etc.

The words *attitude* and *fruit* bring us naturally back to the notion of Karma and to its definition which we will now try to analyse. This conception, which is one of the corner-stones of Buddhist metaphysics, is a rigorous extension of the principle of causality to all mental and moral phenomena, and that in the brief axiomatic form: 'Every action produces fruit which has to be eaten.'

The relative free will appears in the 'attitude' of the individual with respect to the consequences of previous actions, that is to say, the frame of mind in which he 'eats the Karmic fruit,' the result of his own actions, and of the actions of his ancestors or of others. The fruit is a fatal consequence; the obligation to 'eat the fruit' is a fatal consequence; the spirit in which the fruit is eaten (reverence, humility, resignation, repentance, pride, anger) is what the individual may freely insert;

this is not an action (actions are all Karmic, unavoidable) but a new seed of future actions—these are Karmic once the seed has been sown—with the possibility of inserting other new seeds when new attitudes will be consciously taken; the individual may thus, after all, act on the Karmic concatenation, or rather concatenations, out of which his life is woven, by planting the seeds of new roots, new branches, the directions of which are up to a certain point at his disposal. All this applies to families, to nations, as well as to individuals.

Let us notice incidentally that the framework of psycho-analytical theory is also a rigorous working out of the principle of causality as applied to the psychic realm of personality, including the subconscious mind (the submerged part of the iceberg in the Freudian simile); also that the extension given by Jung to Professor Freud's theories combined with the 'Psychology of Crowds' first brought into light by Gustave Le Bon, permits the application to national collectivities of all psycho-analytical notions (repressions, inferiority and other complexes) and the explanation of the phenomena of collective suggestion and auto-suggestion (crowd hysteria, action of propaganda, etc.) observed during the Four Years' War as well as afterwards, especially in the technique of directed suggestion invented by the totalitarian states.

The most interesting cases of defensive complexes, of collective 'psychoses' and suggestions, which are at the same time examples of 'Karmic attitude' aptly illustrating the previously given definitions, are shown to us by the German reactions after the defeat of 1918. These reactions, apart from the natural ones like the mutinies in the fleet, the attempts of spartakist 'putsches,' the short-lived sanguinary sovietic republic in Bavaria, unfolded themselves generally speaking on lines different from what could have been normally foreseen. We certainly saw the obvious manifestations of a psychic trauma proportional to the immense disappointment of this nation which had been so sure of victory, yet instead of cursing its leaders as France had done after 1870, and unloading its 'psychosis' in that way, the German subconscious mind chose another line of self-protection against the 'toxins' generated by the disappointment.

Two lines of protection even: first the officers of the German Army by common agreement denied that they had been beaten in the field in 1918. The first battle of the Marne, perhaps, Joffre, perhaps, but the second Marne, Foch, . . . no! The wound inflicted to the pride of the Prussian military caste was so deep, so dangerous, that its instinct of self-preservation had found this automatic parry, this—seemingly—healing auto-vaccine, simply to deny the defeat; there had been treachery at the rear, treachery which had prevented the army from carrying on its successes; then one had believed in President Wilson's promises and had laid down one's sword because of a misunderstanding which the enemy turned to his advantage by breaking his word. This first reaction lasted for about fifteen years, as long as the wound remained open; it lost its utility once Germany was able to take direct steps to avenge herself.

The second 'self-protective complex,' which takes also the form of a denial, is still very much active; it is the 'Schuldlüge' theory, which denies that Germany had any responsibility whatsoever for the 1914 conflagration. This attitude was, in spite of the declarations to the contrary of unimpeachable witnesses like Lichnovsky and Bülow, common to nearly all German statesmen from the signature of the Treaty of Versailles till the present day; it does not try for an equitable distribution of responsibilities as in the Karmic thesis, but denies categorically the slightest share of guilt, transferring it all to the opposite party.

And here German public opinion (we are always considering collective reactions, not the private opinions of Germans taken as rational individuals) showed an ultra-sensitive susceptibility: it was a neuralgic spot never to be touched. This denial was moreover coupled with the following argumentation: the punitive side of the Versailles Treaty was based entirely on the 'Schuldlüge' (the lie of German war guilt); but this, as shown by its name, was an abominable lie; *therefore* the Versailles Treaty was iniquitous and invalid, and it was imperative to return to Germany, amongst other things, her colonies, torn from her on account of that lie. This argument, in which an impartial mind could detect several flaws, seems absolutely convincing to the German mind; it generally

uses as premise the first negation mentioned above: Germany was not beaten in 1918, she was caught in the net of the XIV Points, and once disarmed was compelled against her will to sign a document contrary to truth, which therefore cannot bind her.

It is odd to see the spiritual heirs of Frederick II and Bismarck forget that never has a treaty seemed just to the defeated party, that the purpose of a treaty following a decisive victory has always been to impose by sheer power the will of the victor.*

Monsieur Julien Benda, who cannot be suspected of militarist or even exaggerated nationalist feelings, showed his astonishment in an article published a few years ago in the 'Nouvelle Revue Française':

'We pity Jugurtha (after his defeat by the Romans). *He* did not pity himself. . . . It would appear that the ancients were trained to accept their defeats: they did not try to explain that these were "the greatest iniquity in History" . . . I am also told: "It is you who compelled Germany to rearm, through the humiliation forced upon her for twenty years by your treaty." I answer that she ought to have accepted that humiliation. Germany had willed the war (I mean the German people) and lost it. These things have to be paid for.'

Pragmatically, the Germans seem to have been right in persisting in their collective self-suggestion, in their refusal to accept the consequences of the lost gamble. From the Karmic point of view, their triumph is only illusory, temporary; their attitude, their way of 'eating the fruit' after their defeat in 1918, instead of burning, of redeeming on their side the evil Karma which had poisoned the world in 1914, has succeeded in generating and unloosing upon Europe a still more sinister cloud of hate and death, of which the reabsorption, the expiation, will be still more difficult.

The expiation has to be proportional to the guilt, to the sufferings inflicted upon innumerable victims by those who have chosen to persist in their pride and cupidity.

* An apt example is shown by the ruthless text of the 'Treaty of Bucarest' imposed at the beginning of 1918 on Rumania, rendered powerless because of the defection and hostility of its former Russian Ally. The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk is also a case in point.

It can be seen that the Karmic test as stated in 1914 by an absolutely impartial judge holds even now a definite suggestive power.*

If we leave aside Buddhist metaphysics, and examine the situation from the point of view of 'western' common-sense, we can see that Hitler, who is a hyper-sensitive receptive medium of the 'Wunschphantasie' of the average German, and also a condenser and powerful transmitter of the symmetrical suggestion-waves, after having been carried along by the lusts and myths which he himself integrated and unleashed, is now driven to the brink of a threatening abyss because he has violated two historical laws of very different character :

(1) The inexorable law of Mahan, by making the mistake, like his forerunners in 1914, of attacking the Power which had the command of the sea, and could in the actual struggle, because of that, also win the command of the air.

(2) An obscure law, relating not to physical but to moral forces, which one could briefly term 'the law of collapse of Cruel Empires,' or the law of the 'Accursed Races.'

It is indeed in the fact that it is a 'religion of masters,' founded on Pride and Strength, that lie paradoxically the vice, and the weakness of the racial system as opposed to the 'religion of slaves,' founded on humility, which is Christianity.

The historical law of the 'Accursed Races' is suggested by the collapse and tragic disappearance of all those civilisations which had as a starting or ending point pride and cruelty. The fragment of the *Critias*, after it has

* We might here notice that the actual rulers of unoccupied France, especially Marshal Pétain and General Weygand, and the French Catholic writers agreeable to the Vichy Government, have evolved a doctrine of 'regeneration by suffering,' in which the French collapse is shown as the result of the sins of which the previous French Governments were guilty in forsaking the religious and moral tradition of historical France; defeat and humiliation are welcome as conducing to purification and regeneration through properly directed penance and suffering.

Sincerity and truth are in this 'pseudo-karmic' attitude mixed with an easy method of getting rid of one's political adversaries; and humility comes perilously near to self-abasement.

This same theory of French degeneracy under the Third Republic was already held by the German General Staff in 1914; but in the Four Years' War Republican France produced Foch and Clémenceau.

described, in pages which are perhaps as lyrical vibration the most beautiful of Plato, the splendid civilisation of Atlantis, begins to narrate how the pride of the kings and priests of Poseidonis brought about their tragic downfall, but we will perhaps never know if we are here faced by myth or historical tradition, nor if Plato alluded to a gradual decline preceding the gigantic eruption which engulfed the continent of Atlantis, or if the cataclysm, a consequence of divine anger, destroyed that civilisation at the zenith of its power.

If we pass from legend to history, we find in the abrupt and mysterious disappearance of the Hittite, Cretan and Khmer civilisations, in the collapse of the Assyrian, Median, Carthaginian, Maya and Aztec empires, an impressive illustration of this theory of the 'Accursed Races,' the roots of the curse being always pride and cruelty, with at times magical practices as in the case of the enigmatic Tuatha de Danaan of Ireland.

The theory does not hold its own against logical analysis; we can in each particular case find cogent reasons for the disappearance or subjection of these peoples, reasons where cruelty or pride have no part. Despite this, stated as a whole the formula is impressive; it is a typical irrational statement, but history seems now to go hand in hand with irrationality, and we feel, we know, that for the individual too, pride and cruelty do not pay.

The world witnessed at the time of the inadequate resistance of the Roman Empire to Christianity the rebellion of western humanity as a whole against pride and cruel strength, and the illogical triumph of gentleness and humility; the powerless curse of Julian the Apostate may perhaps be uttered again by the leader of the Third Reich.

Although, as we have just admitted, this theory—differing from Mahan's Law, which is as clear as an algebraical proposition—cannot be reinforced by logical argument, it contains, like the unescapable Karmic law of expiation, a moral nucleus—perhaps the same.

Incidentally, the British Empire is to be congratulated for having on its side in this struggle both ethics and algebra!

To conclude, let us quote again some of the very words

which struck me in 1914 ; they then appeared to me to be worth meditating upon, and are perhaps even more apposite to the situation as it is to-day :

' The wise men of India teach that all Karma must be worked out. . . . This unequalled conflagration will burn out the past Karma of Europe, clearing thus the way for a new and better era.'

For those curious to know the name of the unknown Russian philosopher who in 1914 wrote these lines, we have a surprise : the article was signed ' Count Hermann Keyserling.'

He is the author, now famous, of the ' Philosopher's Journey Round the World,' who became a German citizen when the Baltic provinces seceded from Russia, and who, by a strange interplay of the Karmic wheels, married Bismarck's granddaughter.

MATILA GHYKA.

Art. 6.—FAIRBRIDGE FARM SCHOOLS.

OF Kingsley Fairbridge it can be said that he felt in himself a mission ; that like the prophet Jeremiah he had been ordained a prophet unto the nations. It is equally true that he was ' not disobedient to the heavenly vision,' and with something of the ardour, persistence, and unquenchable grace of St Paul fought the beasts of opposition and indifference until they were well on the way to defeat. ' Behold this dreamer cometh ' was the response he long time met from hard-headed financiers and most far-seeing statesmen. He was breaking new ground, oversetting traditions : he could point to no precedent for his fantastic dream. Migration had been a problem of the centuries and of every Empire. Alexander the Great had settled it in one way ; the Romans in another. Modern custom had varied between transportation of convicts, well-considered settlement schemes such as Wakefield's, and the free inflow to America or Canada of all from whatever State in the Old World who could pay their fare and show a clean bill of health. But Child Emigration ! with all the risks of servile exploitation—in homeless durance—thousands of miles away from a friendly native land—unwilling exiles—and they the hope of their home-country. It was unpractical, unthinkable, almost barbarous : a probable reversion to the child labour scandals which a Shaftesbury had abolished.

Your true poet-creator feeds upon the stones flung at him by way of bread. His joy is in his faith, his own certainty ; he may have to wrestle and fight and pray ; he may have to wait and watch and plead, and see his pleadings, on paper or the spoken word, scoffed at and scowled down. Some very few, some chosen few slowly see with his eyes, lending the support of a few poor pence and much heartening. That was what was due to happen to the Apostle of Child Emigration : and it happened—but the seed-thought was not frozen to death, the vision beautiful remained. After more than thirty years one can say that, though the planter be gathered to his fathers, the prickly nut has bloomed into a five-branched tree. The nations of the earth are beginning to find their shadow beneath it. More than that, it promises to burgeon into the show piece, the growth to whose model

and proportions more and yet more admirers shall conform in planting the Garden of the Lord. But the prime planter had many a hard tussle with forbidding clod and faithless sand before his sapling could take any root. Its sound sanity is due largely to that.

What was the background of youth and circumstance which coloured his outlook and shaped his bent? Umtali, that smiling sun-swept township of Rhodesia within easy call of Portuguese Beira, housed him in the thick-walled bungalow, hedged largely in with flowering hibiscus, whence his father, land surveyor for the Chartered Company, made his long treks into native territory of Mashona and Matabele holding. But the surveyor was antiquary too, student of native handicrafts and legend, cunning hunter and intrepid traveller, a lover of animals and the glory of African flowers, trees, and hills. His own training had made him accept the solitude of camping grounds and vast distances as one sure line of education. To this conviction he apprenticed his son on long journeys up country, and nature's open book was the primer which set an early mark on Kingsley's responsive brain. 'All children love animals,' he said later, 'if only they grow up with them, and there is no training so varied and engrossing as that which is needed for a farmer.' The mystery of Zimbabwe, no less than the marvel of Victoria Falls and the shifting sands of Sabi river, set their mark upon him. You cannot live alone, hunt alone among the kloofs and kopjies, the forests and fever swamps, the baobab trees and sparse bush, without learning to worship and reverence the wide lone land, that is, if you have taste for grandeur in beauty, and a spirit to muse on His works Who made them.

But though pursuit of hippo and rhinoceros in and around the Zambesi, with delight in studying herds of zebra, antelope, and giraffe: though in the schools of baboon who antic by the wayside, and the coveys of guinea fowl who still scutter from under your feet, he might detect the apes and peacocks which a Queen of Sheba once carried to King Solomon, his real interests were little for antiquities, very much humanitarian.

Determining that he could only fulfil his mission after a course at Oxford, the boy maintained himself by market-gardening at Umtali, while he read the books which

enabled him to win a Rhodes Scholarship. Working hard with hand and brain he freely confessed that he could imagine nothing more fascinating than to watch the growth into full fruitage of seeds which he had sown on land which he had digged and watered and tended. That strength was to bring reward when he won his 'blue' for boxing, and when in Western Australia he led his band of boys with plough and axe. The writer has in his possession some of the books—'Macaulay's Essays' and others—carefully annotated and scored, on which this self-made stylist and painter of nature founded his power of marking and reproducing what he saw. His autobiography ranks high among books on Africa, and records of remarkable lives.

For it was of his native Rhodesia—the vast tract which Cecil Rhodes had added to the Empire—that he first thought as a cultivator and settlement promoter. Native ways with their cattle and crops were cruel and infinitely wasteful. They needed—as Livingstone said—to be taught by example. They would raise themselves if they were given free commerce with and friendly oversight by a more advanced race. There was enough rich soil between Limpopo and Zambesi rivers to feed and house many millions: far more than warlike Matabele, Mashona or other tribes could properly use. His first vision was of importing from England farmers and farm labourers with their families, to take up and cultivate the unused acres; to spread a smiling prosperous peasantry over an empty land.

Like Du Chaillu fifty years earlier in Equatorial Africa, he might have written: 'I dreamed of forests giving way to plantations of coffee, cotton, and spices; of peaceful negroes going to their contented daily tasks; of farming and manufactures; of churches and schools,' or with Captain Cook have said: 'In this extensive country it can never be doubted but what most sorts of grain, fruit, roots, etc., of every kind would flourish were they once brought hither, planted and cultivated by the hands of industry; and here is provender for more cattle, at all seasons of the year, than ever can be brought into the country.'

Rhodesia has not yet its Fairbridge School, though it is all planned. But not until he had seen London and

the slums of England did Fairbridge develop the specifically philanthropic side of his model. His native state, then under the Chartered Company, was not ready to back him. The complaint is freely made that Cecil Rhodes himself would have been sadly disappointed by the slow growth of a white population round Salisbury and Bulawayo. However, it is clear now that experiments in a novel kind of settlement, with its inevitable tale of trial and error, were much more safely made in Australia. There the Child Emigration Society was far from any complication of native labour or recent experience of war. The proverb *Semper aliquid novi Africa offert* may have been true for Pliny. In our day social experiments are much more likely to find local habitation and a name in the Commonwealth.

Scholarship won, he came to London and has put on record his impression of the City on a desolate Sabbath evening. He put up near Charterhouse Square and Smithfield. A few hundred yards away, near St Botolph, Aldersgate, John Wesley had experienced 'conversion.' That was the birth of a world-shaking ministry. Very near the same plot Fairbridge saw the sights and registered the resolve to which for his remaining years he devoted intense and increasing enthusiasm. It was there, and again in Edinburgh, Liverpool, and Dublin, that he was appalled at the sight of neglected children. Charterhouse Square is near enough to Bethnal Green and Shoreditch for him to have seen that muddy streets were too often their only playground, with casual bites and 'pieces' for their meals. Half fed, poorly clothed, though with the best parents could afford, what chance in life had such boys and girls? If, in worse case, the mother had left a father who drank or who was serving a term in prison, what was the outlook then?

And his sunlit lands were waiting—hungering—for exactly this golden treasure of children, always more children.

The Oxford of thirty-five years ago was not overtly awake to the full meaning of the Empire. Such leaders as W. A. Spooner, Warden of New College, and T. B. Strong, then Dean of Christ Church, had Imperial feeling. They saw what was the potency of pure religion, widely spread by the Church, on the new life of our dominions,

and knew the need of constantly recruiting that strength from the home citadel. But Rhodes Scholars had done little as yet to cement scattered progeny of the realm. Sir John Marriott had not made great way with Imperial Federation. Mr Hughes had not yet announced, as he did in 1916—with Gallipoli as witness—that the Commonwealth supported the Crown and the British Raj to its last man. You might come home from Melbourne or Adelaide after twelve years stay there, your mind teeming with matters of great moment—the policy of a white Australia; transcontinental railways from Darwin to Sydney; the shifting of the centre of world affairs, after the Russo-Japanese War, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Senior Common Rooms seemed to care for none of these things. Fellow and tutors, some of whom were to become Cabinet Ministers or Press magnates, showed far more concern as to how many 'firsts' they could secure in the schools than whether Japan might wish to annex Australia, or what were the distant implications of the Peace of Shimoniseki.

Into an atmosphere of indifference to his gospel Fairbridge sailed. His college, Exeter, was ever distinguished in athletics. Boxing prowess brought him a standing; his tireless enthusiasm and persistent arguing attracted friends. But after two years of constant speaking and travel he was urged to take to writing his propaganda instead of making speeches.

At long last, in 1909, the Child Emigration Society was founded with forty-nine members. Their subscription was five shillings apiece.

'Beloved, use godly means and give God his leisure,' preached Dr Donne to the Virginia Company in James I reign.

'Great creatures lie long in the womb: lions are littered perfect but bear whelps licked into their shape: actions which kings undertake are cast in a mould; they have their perfection quickly: actions of private men and private purses require more hammering and more filing to their perfection.'

That patience, by which he was to win his soul and reach his aim, was often sorely tried before support and recognition came to Fairbridge. But he had sowed good seed in good ground in the 'home of lost causes.' If he

could have lived to 1941 and have seen accommodation for 1200 children in five schools, on two Continents (another 1000 having already passed through them to secure independence) he would have smiled at his own impatience with Fortune.

'Who is it wrongs thee? Tell me who refuses
Thee vainly sighing?
Be it who it may be, he that flies shall follow;
He that rejects gifts, he shall bring thee many;
He that hates now shall love thee dearly, madly,
Aye, though thou wouldst not.'

The fear is falsified which his father and inspirer had long ago voiced: 'These people, all these people you are working for, they may never know what you have done, they may never thank you.' 'I remembered my dark hours. "I know," I said.'

For the veritable All Saints' Day roll includes:

'Not the great and well-bespoke,
But the mere uncounted folk,
Of whose life or death is none
Report or lamentation,
And reveal (which is thy need)
Every man a king indeed.'

Kingsley Fairbridge very early concluded with himself that who shall get the credit matters nothing so long as the thing is done.

Now the pith and distinguishing characteristic of the Fairbridge model has its core in this statement:

'Train the children—not in England. Teach them their farming in the land where they will farm. Give them gentle men and women for their mentors and guides, and give them a farm of their own where they may grow up among the gentle farm animals, proud of the former, understanding the latter. . . .

'If I am right I will put this thing before the people of England. So help me God.'

After countless interviews with officials and Government departments, for 'the people of England before whom he would put this thing' were singularly deaf and untouched, Fairbridge was at long length offered 50,000 acres of free land in our oldest colony, Newfoundland. The British South Africa Company had definitely turned

him down. But an opening offered in Western Australia was judged to be more hopeful, and it was at Pinjarra on a 160 acre farm 60 miles south of Perth that he made his beginning in 1912.

There on a small mediocre holding he improvised his first Farm School. Funds were meagre but he had with him one or two staunch friends who were happy to work with him and competent to give a hand in the strenuous enterprise. After barely two years perplexing problems were created for him by the War. His friends felt compelled to leave him and take up war service. Through four harassed years Fairbridge, without his friends and with greatly diminished funds, contrived to keep his Farm School alive and to give the 'children' his personal care and teaching. Help flowed in again after 1919, and in 1921 he secured a neighbouring property of 3200 acres. On this he was able to establish his School on matured plans. At this stage also he secured the endorsement of his effort by the Commonwealth Government and that of Western Australia. This took the form of maintenance grants, and with that contribution to his weekly costs the problem of existence became less precarious. Fairbridge was now relieved of his worst anxieties. He must now prove the virtue of his training theory.

'The instinct which leads us eagerly to impart to others a spiritual truth which has taken strong hold of ourselves; the impulse to preach, to exhort, to labour, to convert, subject though it be to fearful perversions, is yet one of the most beautiful in our nature,' says Cotter Morrison on St Bernard. And in truth the magic with which Kingsley inspired his wife and fellow-workers in that opening chapter of his 'proof to all the world' was reminiscent of the great mediæval doctor. Here was the same commanding personal ascendancy, the same overpowering influence of spirit which refused to admit defeat and therefore won through. I find close analogy also in this passage from Bernard's letters:

'Trust to one who has had experience. You will find something far greater in the woods than you will in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters. Do not the mountains drop sweetness, the hills run with milk and honey, and the valleys stand thick with corn?'

This was eminently the open book which Fairbridge meant his young band of brothers should learn to read. They should hew down ti-tree and mulga, burn and clear, plough and harrow, drill and sow—himself showing how.

His boys must learn the beauty and virtues of blue gum and red gum by sawing planks for their own huts; be taught to revel in the rapture scent of golden mimosa as a heavenly perfume; the merits of bottle-brush and mallee-root as test of their sinews and fuel for their fires. They must note the flame bloom of eucalypts and the golden bell-blossoms and white of macrocarpa, whence wild bees suck their honey. Further to that, they must learn how to defend themselves—a boxing 'blue' would teach them. And when covered with sweat of toil from driving the Clydesdales or milking the Ayrshires (school work being over) they must plunge daily into the black lagoon, with all its cleansing coolth, learning to swim and dive like otters. Full fare, hard fare in their tents and cottages, cooked and baked by the girls—his own wife superintending housewifery and laundry—should firm up their young limbs, as downright sun bronzed their skin. Health—strength—joy of hard toil—gladness of good games, was to turn wastrels of neglected homes into deep-chested lithe-limbed young citizens, whose full-grown energies would be eagerly sought after.

But in all this was to be nothing of the 'institution': no taint of workhouse or dragooned 'orphanage'; nothing of what Charles Dickens scarified in 'Dotheboys Hall.' A foundational principle of his scheme was that boys and girls alike should be 'adopted,' if not by foster-parents who would keep them in touch, then by the Society, who should stand *in loco parentis* and watch over them as sons and daughters. They had lost the blessing of family life without any fault of their own. Very well then, another family must be made for them. 'When my father and mother forsake me the Lord taketh me up.' And every cottage of twelve to fourteen boys or girls became a family, with a house-mother to tend their meals, their clothes, and their manners, during the five years in which the school was their larger home. Nor should it ever cease to be the refuge and resting-place to which of right they could always return, for holiday or on change of employment. In the chapel, which should

some day rise, they would be given that meat whereby alone strength of character is fed. To this chapel, it was hoped, as has indeed many times happened, Fairbridge boys and girls who had sailed from England on the same boat, and served their apprenticeship together, would one day return to take their marriage vows.

Thus it began, thus it continued. Girls grew up into laundresses who could bake bread, gardeners who could also milk cows and hoe. They were encouraged to grow seed plots of flowers around their cottages, and to train sweet-smelling climbers over the outside roofs. Into their joys and daily work the house-mother entered, as would any mother with her own: for the attractiveness of a great idea, and the happiness of dealing with children, brought fine characters to this work. When I visited Pinjarra in 1928 the Founder was dead and we were to dedicate his tomb. But his chapel and school had risen, his guest-house and hostel (for old Fairbridgians) were in being, 500 of the 3200 acres were already in cultivation; from a score of rose-wreathed cottages 250 children streamed to attend that service, after the Bishop had taken a Confirmation.

I think that never in my life have I spent a fuller or more gladsome week-end. In the first place, I was met by a party of boys and girls whom only three months before I had seen off from Tilbury. They had been peeked and white and underfed. They were now brown, nearly naked in their flannel shorts, and ribbed up with good muscle. They challenged me to compete with them in hacking up mallee-root for their stoking. A few hours later I saw them all in the ground room of their cottage. They were washed and in pyjamas, to gather round their house-mother who heard them nightly say their prayers. How like to Clairvaux as Bernard knew it in 1240!

'As I watch them singing without fatigue . . . they appear a little less than the angels, but much more than men. As regards their manual labour, so patiently and placidly, with such quiet countenances, in such sweet and holy order do they perform all things (but this is to strain the comparison between babes and grown-ups) that though they exercise themselves at many works they never seem moved or burdened in anything, whatever the labour may be. I see them in the garden with hoes, in the meadows with forks and rakes, in the forest with axes.'

Monasteries did yeoman work for agriculture and scholarship in their time. We need not be above learning something of their spirit, for the redemption of our children and the taming of the wild. Apprenticeship—long training—loving after care, were well known to them as the soul of success and good craftsmanship. Their failure to maintain early ideals can serve as sound warning in our ears. Meanwhile this springtime of universal joy and health was full of glad promise for 250 children.

Let it not be supposed that what I saw in 1928 had been achieved without setbacks and disappointments. Fairbridge's tensely-strung nature resented inevitable delays and what he thought desertion by his friends. He was a sick man. His light and whipcord frame had been driven by indomitable courage. Against all the delays and seeming wreckage of his life's work and heavenly vision he had no vitality left for resistance. The fate of his little settlement when he died hung in debate. Its banking account was heavily overdrawn. The local Australian committee at Perth were doubtful of support in attempting to carry on. The Founder, whose personality like Napoleon's was worth an Army Corps, had left his uncompleted plans and his initial success for those to put through who were worthy. But would they be found? An after-war lassitude and a return to comforts which had been wanting, damped in 1920 much noble effort.

Whether to be sad thereat or most glad I never know. But it seems quite certain that no man's place in the world is so important that it cannot be immediately filled :

' Uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.'

In this case the man to lift the torch and bear it forward had been Sir Arthur Lawley, Governor of Western Australia, of Madras, and the Transvaal. Outstanding work for the Red Cross during the Great War had proved his administrative ability in managing voluntary workers, and his power of attracting valuable support for altruistic ventures. Knowledge of Western Australia's need for white stock was firsthand with him, as with Lady Lawley, Lady Northcote, and Lady Talbot—ardent supporters

and names to conjure with in high places. Maybe he was right who wrote :

' God nothing does
Nor suffers aught to be,
But what thou wouldest
Could'st thou see—as He.'

Quite deeply also they all felt the high mission which was the Empire's ; to spread the Gospel of Freedom, to uphold sanctity of contract and care for weaker members of the body. They were pioneers in preaching that civilisation and Christianity rest upon the strength of the English-speaking peoples.

Sir Arthur shortly became Lord Wenlock. His judgment of men was acute and instinctive. To him, for Secretary of a bankrupt society with only a dozen years of life behind it, whose work centre was 12,000 miles away from London, in the least known state of Australia, was recommended Mr Gordon Green, an Australian by birth and a Y.M.C.A. expert of the army in France. The blessing upon their labours, and that of their small London committee, has exceeded all their dreams. In twenty years they have put Fairbridge definitely upon the map, as perhaps the most promising of migration models for coming days. In the thirtieth year of its existence the Society has five Farm Schools to control. It has 1200 children under training, and has started more than 1000 on a career of independence. Let it be remembered that the majority of these ' wards ' would have gone under in the press of unemployment and neglect, had they not been rescued and carefully launched. The mere number is, of course, a tiny trickle in what ought to be the mighty stream of migration to our Dominions. But it is all important as showing a very high percentage of success, a very small rate of expense in ' administration,' and unique pride of place in being the one scheme which, throughout the worst financial slump Australia has known, could always count on financial support from the Dominions Office and the States of the Commonwealth. Those who know anything of the difficulty of extracting finance out of either of those bodies will appreciate what is the value of their unbroken backing.

First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn
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in the ear, is the rule which governs all growth. Sir Arthur Lawley found a blade. With his committee he worked zealously and in faith. He believed, what was true, that he was now upon the really great work of his life. It entailed no small labour in canvassing support, in journeying to Perth for establishment of firm principles of cooperation between parent society and local committee. It was cheered by determined insistence of the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and of every Australian Governor-General, to visit personally this flowering plant in what had lately been wild scrub. Cheered by their delighted appreciation of the new model, he was even more heartened by noticing the demand throughout Western Australia for his trained children. In one year some 190 farmers almost fought for the first choice of forty available Fairbridgians.

'Good wine needs no bush' may be a true enough maxim. 'Sweet are the uses of advertisement' carries more guns in modern conditions. Unless a commodity, however good, is tried it cannot satisfy customers. New time business stands very much on the bottom of persuasion to purchase. The success of Fairbridge methods was for ten years at least almost unknown outside one State, Western Australia. Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane had not heard of it. Much less had it begun to rank high among agencies of similar intent in England. The publicity essential for any move forward came when Lord Burnham, at the head of a delegation of British pressmen, visited Australia in 1928. Among their investigation of problems—financial, political, and economic—over the whole Continent, they found time to visit the first Fairbridge School. The peopling of Australia was very much a front-bench question. They came, they saw, they were conquered by all that they found at and heard of Pinjarra. Such a training-ground should be established in every state of every Dominion was the outspoken judgment of Lord Burnham. Lord Forster, who as Governor-General knew the school at firsthand, added, on his return to London, his entire confidence in its principles and most certain success.

The opinion of the Press and of a rare statesman as Governor-General was speedily known in Whitehall. The Dominions Office then agreed—as did the Common-

wealth Government and the state of Western Australia—to continue payment of 3s. 6d. per week per child for upkeep, and Whitehall engaged also to subscribe half all capital expenditure on necessary new building. That arrangement holds. It seems to mark the wise way of using public funds for development purposes. Private individuals who have faith in a man or a method put up sufficient funds to try it out. If after a proper trial the scheme is shown to contain seeds of success, public money is brought in to support and extend its working. But Government, very rightly, does not claim to provide initiation, or to take control away from authority already in being. It recognises the duty of advancing that which has proved its worth, and the wisdom of giving free scope to the experiments of self-sacrificing enthusiasts. Give us proof, it says, that your pudding eats well and we will see that you are supplied with sugar and plums. The method would not always commend itself elsewhere, certainly not in a totalitarian State. With the English it succeeds, and is perhaps a warning against more grandiose proposals.

The next chapter in the evolution of Fairbridge Schools reads like a romance. Lord Wenlock had been succeeded by Mr Roger Lumley, now Governor of Bombay, as Chairman of the London committee. It was decided that the time was ripe and public interest now sufficiently roused for a public appeal for £100,000 to be made with which to found three new Schools. At a City church the Archbishop of York backed on St. George's day the appeal and the answer was £860 in the offertory. Mr Lumley induced the Prince of Wales, with Mr Baldwin, then Prime Minister, to address a public meeting in Grocers Hall. His Royal Highness put down a cheque for £1000, and within ten months the whole sum asked for was in hand.

A live movement, Sir Henry Maine taught us, whether a religion or a social advance, proves its abiding worth by width of spread no less than by intensity. The strength of the Empire owes much to diversity of operation through the one spirit. This among other considerations caused the second School, The Prince of Wales Fairbridge Farm School, to be founded in Vancouver Island, B.C. It was certain that inflow of population was there desired. Again a welcome was assured.

The Vancouver Island site is on a 1200-acre block of partly cleared, partly forest land near Duncan, forty miles north of Victoria the capital. Again it was necessary to attract the enthusiasm and work of a local committee—men and women of standing and patriotic fervour—who should advise London on Canadian needs and conditions. The readiness with which busy men, having immense commercial interests, will throw their energy into the working of such a School is witness enough to English love of children and to the hunger of the Dominions for good human stock. There are now buildings enough on that 1200-acre plot to house 200 children. They are always full, and when money can be found for the building of more cottages they also will be filled. For the first batch of trainees are already beginning to make their own way on farms and in households of the island and the mainland. This writer, who travelled ahead to be in time to welcome the first group, drawn mainly from Tyne-side and pit villages, to their new home, can testify to the excited interest with which they were received along the whole Canadian-Pacific railway line to their final port of Nanaimo. The only complaint heard was that Toronto or Montreal or Ontario had not been allowed to house and adopt the band of young pilgrims, whose manners and frank cheeriness brought gladness to all Canada.

Critics who applauded the choice of British Columbia, but would have preferred a mainland site near Vancouver, were silenced by a speedy gift of matchless munificence. Captain Dun Waters, a Scotsman who after the war had settled near Okanagan Lake, had spent some £200,000 in developing a holding of many acres into apple orchards, lucerne paddocks, and irrigated meadows. His house was the mansion of a laird, his farm buildings as up to date and in every way admirable as science could make them. His Ayrshire herd rivalled any known collection of cattle on the Continent. He was childless. He wished that his noble estate should be the roaming ground and training school of a succession of children from Great Britain. He made his great gift to the Society, handed over all the heaped treasures of his years, and before his death had seen the firstfruits of his generosity. Fintry apples and fruit will, when transport to London is again possible, be a particularly juicy advertisement for Fair-

bridge. It will have been handled by those who, after spending their first years on Vancouver Island, have passed to take training of a special kind on the lordly annexe which a generous Scotsman gave.

The next dramatic stroke was made by the late Lady Northcote. She knew Australia well as wife of a Governor-General, and had special reason for being anxious about poor children. Lord Wenlock had ever kept her *au courant* with his work, and when she had seen the 'Fairbridge film'—scenes and pictures from the schools—she resolved to bequeath £250,000 for the founding and endowment of another Farm School. Earl Grey and a committee of her friends undertook the burden of trusteeship. Established at Bacchus Marsh, Victoria, in 1937, it has now its 300 children who are found by the Fairbridge Society.

In 1936 a number of Rhodes Scholars, backed by generous men of means, determined that New South Wales should have a Fairbridge Farm School. The late Mr Andrew Reid was a prime mover, providing a chief part of the capital to meet funds from the parent society. A farm at Molong, 200 miles west of Sydney, was ready for its first party in April 1938. The children it received were quickly absorbed by their agricultural life and won prizes at their local agricultural show.

The desire for further spread of the model is shown by invitations received from other States to establish schools for them. This can only be contemplated when supply of adequate funds and promise of local support give some guarantee of stability. Such backing has been offered by Southern Rhodesia, where a School, under separate management from the parent society, would have been by now in being but for the interference of war clouds. So far from it being possible to found anything new in 1939-40, it was difficult enough to feed existing schools.

To Australia and Vancouver parties of children were sent in the first half of 1940. There are now 140 who have passed all tests, but must wait for transport till safety on the seas is more assured.

Social reconstruction after the war will entail much transference of population, from this Island to our

Dominions, and from industrial centres in this country to other occupations. The Dominions have shown great willingness to receive evacuated children in an emergency. They will be slow to let them go and anxious to welcome more. It is essential for their well-being as citizens of the New World, that they be adequately trained and watched over. If a personal link between guardian and ward can be established the human touch is vastly strengthened—as in the well-tried system of godparents or apprentices. It is claimed that this has proved workable and entirely beneficent in thirty years of Fairbridge Schools history.

It is also maintained that this model can be widened and varied according to need in various climates for differing social classes and with variety of objectives. In Southern Rhodesia, for instance, there may be a smaller proportion of farmers produced, and a greater opening for mining engineers than in Victoria or New South Wales. Boys and girls from secondary schools, whose tastes incline them to an 'open-air' life, could readily be equipped in such community training overseas. Nor need it be ruled out that the ideal type of migration, that of children with their own parents, not foster-parents, should be arranged, in this country as well as overseas, on the Fairbridge principles. Essential it is that the whole oncoming question be studied betimes; public opinion needs to be instructed as to what is supremely important, and by demonstration possible, for the relief of overcrowded areas and the strengthening of the Empire. Kingsley Fairbridge's dream is no small contribution to solution of present problems.

ARTHUR G. B. WEST.

Art. 7.—MODERN FLY-FISHING.

1. *Minor Tactics of the Chalk-Stream.* By G. E. M. Skues. Adam and Charles Black, 1910.
2. *A History of Fly-Fishing for Trout.* By John Waller Hills. Philip Allan, 1921.
3. *Nymph Fishing for Chalk-Stream Trout.* By G. E. M. Skues. Adam and Charles Black, 1939.
4. *Letters to a Salmon-Fisher's Sons.* By A. H. Chaytor. John Murray, 1910.
5. *The Lonsdale Library, Vol. X: Salmon Fishing.* By Eric Taverner (and others). Seeley, Service & Co., 1931.
6. *The Floating Line for Salmon and Sea Trout.* By Anthony Crossley (and others). Methuen, 1939.
7. *Modern Salmon Fishing.* By Anthony Bridges. Adam & Charles Black, 1939.

OF the many good things which have developed in, and gone forth from, these islands, it is safe to say that none has given more pleasure to thousands all over the world, or been the cause of more pleasant literature, than the art and science of fly-fishing. Whether it was invented here is a disputed point. If the correct reading in Martial's epigram is 'muscâ' and not 'musco' it is possible that the Romans used some sort of fly to catch fish. It may be that the red wool which, as Aelian tells us, was attached to a hook by the fishermen on a river in Macedonia was a rudimentary fly. But there is no doubt that, in the ancient world, in mediaeval times, and indeed much later as a general rule, the recognised ways of catching fish were the net, the trap, and the bait. Only in these islands does it appear, some time in the fifteenth century, from the 'jury of flies' given us by the author whom we are not allowed to call Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, that the right way to catch trout, and sometimes salmon, is the artificial fly.

But though so advanced was then, in this country, the art of fly-fishing that eleven flies out of Dame Juliana's twelve—we will still call her Dame Juliana in spite of the pundits—can be identified with flies now in use; and though the number of flies used by fishermen continually increased—Charles Cotton gives (Part II of the 'Compleat Angler,'

1676) sixty-five different dressings, and there are many more now—there was no marked change in the practice of fly-fishing for trout till towards the end of the nineteenth century, when the use of the dry-fly became general, at first chiefly in the chalk-streams of the South of England. Its use had, indeed, been discovered, or 'heralded by many precursors,' as Major Hills tells us in his 'History of Fly-fishing for Trout,' up to and during the first part of the century, and the exact imitation of the natural insect, one of the essentials of dry-fly fishing, had been insisted on by Dame Juliana herself. Another essential, to fish upstream instead of downstream, had been discovered and preached by many of the ever-increasing number of writers on fishing, from Sir Humphry Davy (1828) and before him, to Stewart (1857), who made it a cult. He, of course, used, consciously, only the wet-fly. But the principle which he stressed: that a fish with its head upstream because of the current would find it more natural to see a fly coming down to him than pulled against the stream, and would be, therefore, less likely to suspect danger, that upstream fishing represents more truly the natural fly, anticipates the dry-fly theory. Of course, there are many occasions when it pays better to fish the wet-fly downstream: Stewart, though a great man, was an enthusiast, and, like other enthusiasts, was inclined to be exclusive and intolerant. Even the dry-fly may be floated downstream with success at times, if cast with a length of loose line to avoid 'drag,' the avoidance of which is another essential of the dry-fly. You will only have one chance, if sufficient slack line has not been allowed, and if the fly drags before it floats over the fish. But that chance, often effective if luck and skill combine, makes it impossible to dismiss the downstream use of the dry-fly. And there are still many wet-fly fishermen who always fish downstream.

All the same, the general adoption of the upstream method must have led to the development of the dry-fly, and with that to the greatest pleasure in fly-fishing. And that great pleasure is the concentration of the fisherman on one particular fish, against which he matches his wits. As in deer-stalking you choose the best beast you can find for the battle between his natural cunning and alertness and human brains and ingenuity, so in dry-fly fishing in a

chalk-stream you do not fish for every trout that rises, you choose the best which is rising and lay siege to him. The upstream wet-fly fisherman in the rapid rivers of the North cannot see his fish—he scores by his water-craft, his knowledge of where fish will lie and of what they are taking ; and great is the difference between the success of the professor and the amateur. But he has not the supreme pleasure of seeing the shapely body poised in the clear water, of watching the great nose poked up and the fly sucked in, of hooking, fighting, and beating, if he has chosen the right fly, and put it in the right place, and not struck too soon or too late, a three-pounder in the Test.

All this is ancient history. For two generations and perhaps more the dry-fly has been the stand-by of fly-fishermen in southern England. For more than a generation it has been practised all over the world. As long ago as 1913 Major Anthony Buxton wrote his brilliant article in the 'Quarterly Review' (No. 436) showing how the dry-fly could be used, with profit and increased pleasure, against the great sea-trout of a Norwegian river. The development of the dry-fly is due in great measure to Halford, who began writing of the art in the 'eighties of the last century : as much to Sir Edward Grey (Lord Grey of Fallodon) whose book on fly-fishing—perhaps the best book on fly-fishing ever written—appeared in 1899. And the use of the dry-fly, requiring as it did stiffer rods and heavier lines, with ever the finest gut, led to the enormous improvement of fishing tackle which has given us the beautiful light equipment of the present day.

Yet there was one drawback to dry-fly fishing. The essence, as has been said, is to fish for a rising fish, fit to be caught : what if there is no rise of fly and no rising fish worth fishing for ? Of course, as Lord Grey points out, there are always flowers to be admired and birds to be watched, the whole wonderful beauty of the chalk-stream valleys to be enjoyed—and enjoyed they will be by every fisherman worth the name. But now that most people are workers and only get rare days of fishing, they are apt to want, on those eagerly-awaited days, besides the beauty of the riverside, the excitement of battle with some great fish—if the fish are there, and obviously feeding or ready to feed, as some generally are throughout the season, though not on the surface. For examination of

almost any trout's stomach will show that far the larger proportion of its food consists, not of floating flies (except perhaps during a very heavy rise) but of the same insects in their larval or nymph stage, when they are water animals and not creatures of the air.

For the means to circumvent the trout of the chalk-streams during those times of 'waiting for the rise' we are indebted to Mr Skues, whose 'Minor Tactics of the Chalk-Stream' was published in 1910. At first he seems to have used special dressings of wet-flies and to have been chiefly concerned to show that the wet-fly fished upstream to individual fish could take trout on waters which, by that time, were dedicated to dry-fly only. In 'Nymph Fishing for Chalk-Stream Trout' (1939) he gives patterns designed specially to imitate the nymph stage of the insects which later become floating flies. And though there are still some so-called 'purists' who forbid the use of anything but the artificial floating fly, the general use of nymphs has given additional pleasure to many fishermen on the chalk-streams, not only by eliminating the periods of 'waiting for the rise,' but in lochs and in the fast-running rivers of the North by providing the angler with patterns of flies more accurately imitating the natural food of trout and grayling. In the chalk-streams it is a most fascinating style of fishing. All the attractions of the dry-fly are there. You must find and stalk your fish, you must give him a nymph tied to imitate the sort of insect on which he is feeding. You must place it where he can see it, properly sunk. And it is extraordinary how, though your dry-fly (unless you are a professor) often refuses to float properly, your nymph will not sink. Then, when you are fishing for a 'bulging' trout, that is, for a fish which is dashing from side to side of the stream in pursuit of the hatching nymphs, it is extremely difficult to place your nymph within sight of the fish. With the dry-fly, of course, your fly disappears when the fish takes it, and you tighten on him, if you are a professor, at the right moment. Fishing a nymph you have no such guide. You may see the gut of your floating cast suddenly straighten; you may see a flash in the water as the fish turns on his side to take your nymph, or a 'humping' of the surface if he is near it; or you may, by some curious sixth sense, feel that the fish has taken it

and raise your hand. Whatever happens, there is, as Mr Skues says, a 'subtle fascination and charm' in nymph-fishing. And it has the further advantage that a trout which takes under water is generally well hooked: if it is not hooked it is not nearly so apt to be frightened and 'put down,' though cast to repeatedly, as when 'hammered' continuously with a dry-fly.

Much valuable scientific investigation has been carried out in recent years, notably by the late Colonel Harding, Mr Dunne, and the late Dr Arthur Holmes, as to the trout's angle of vision, and as to the reactions of its eye to light and colour. But as these experiments and the theories which have resulted from them have had little direct effect on angling methods, there is no need here to say more than a word of praise to those who have attempted to throw light on the fascinating life below the surface of the waters—light as valuable to the development of scientific knowledge as to the mere angler.

Nor is it necessary to say much about the effect of the development of the dry-fly and the nymph on the pursuit of that attractive but unconscionable fish the grayling; and the other fish, the dace, the chub, the rudd, and the roach, which are often (except, perhaps, the roach) fished for with the fly. The new methods have been automatically extended to them and have increased the numbers of fly-fishers for 'coarse' fish. Generally speaking, where the fly is used for roach and rudd, it will be the wet-fly, fished downstream in a river, or sunk in a lake, with the nymph as an additional variation; and occasionally perch and even small pike may be so caught. For grayling, dace, and chub, the use of the dry-fly fished upstream is now, and has been for a long time, an accepted method. The latest writer on the grayling, Mr Carter Platts ('Grayling Fishing,' 1939), says that the nymph fished upstream can be as useful for grayling as for trout in the chalk-streams, though not on the swifter rivers of the North. But some of us find it more useful to fish the nymph, or a large wet-fly such as the partridge and yellow, downstream. For the grayling, unlike the feeding trout, even when on the rise, lies low in the water—the bigger ones generally in deep water; and one cannot, as a rule, see to fish for an individual grayling, even if he is taking something on the surface, when one wishes to find—and

how difficult it is sometimes—the special fly which he requires. If everything else fails, give him a nymph upstream as a last hope. But it will not be the presentation to a fish which you can see poised, as in the case of the trout—it will be the hopeful offer of something sunk to an apparently rising fish. And an ordinary wet-fly, preferably a double-hooked one, will do just as well, if not better, presented downstream. It is chiefly, therefore, for vastly increased pleasure in the pursuit of that gallant fish the trout, whether in the bog-streams of Ireland, the famous rivers of North America, such as the Neversink and the Beaverkill, the hill-streams of Kenya and Kashmir, the limestone waters of Bavaria, the chalk-streams of Northern France—wherever he is indigenous or has been introduced—that we must thank the dry-fly and nymph fishermen on the banks of English Test and Itchen.

It is this island, too, which has produced new methods for coping with that great migratory fish, the salmon, whose mysterious life-history differentiates him from his fresh-water cousin, the brown trout, and also, in some degree, from his migratory brother, the sea-trout. The brown trout eats to live in the waters which it inhabits. The sea-trout, says Mr Nall in his great book (*'The Life of the Sea-Trout,'* 1930), 'feeds intermittently and with less robust appetite' in fresh water than the brown trout. The salmon definitely does not feed, in order to eat and digest, in fresh water in these islands, even if it is occasionally, in some rivers, seen to take the natural fly. Though, then, as has been said, Major Buxton, and others following him, have had great success by presenting the dry-fly, that is the imitation of the natural insect, to sea-trout in Norway, the sea-trout in these islands does not rise as a matter of course to feed on a hatch of fly like the brown trout; and the dry-fly method has not been generally adopted here. Indeed, in the North of England, the Border, and in the West country rivers, sea-trout are almost only taken during and after spates, or at night, when the use of the dry-fly would be impossible; and the sea-trout of Ireland and the West of Scotland, which are normally caught in day-time, are nearly always taken on a wet-fly, no doubt because such food as this fish does swallow, in his less 'robust' feeding, con-

sists of under-water insects. No doubt, therefore, the nymph, being an imitation of such insects, would succeed as a form of wet-fly. But the orthodox method of nymph-fishing, that is, fished upstream to a particular fish, would not be generally useful for sea-trout.

For the same reason, because the salmon does not regularly feed on floating insects in our rivers, the dry-fly is not generally used in this country, though it has become a successful form of art in some of the rivers of Canada. The reason offered for the success there is that the fish come later from the sea, before they have lost their feeding habit—it is notorious that fresh fish take, if they do not 'feed,' better than stale fish—and find a much higher temperature of the water in the rivers than with us, and an ample supply of flies. It is possible that they rise at these flies and can be taken by floating artificials, because they have memories of feeding on floating flies when they were parr in the river in their early life before they went to sea. But even in Canada no food is found in the stomachs of these apparently feeding fish, and the theory of an American fisherman who has described his dry-fly fishing for salmon ('Secrets of the Salmon,' E. R. Hewitt, 1925) is that the fish do not take the flies as food, but suck their juices and discard their bodies. Now in our rivers the temperature of the water rarely reaches sixty degrees, which must be attained, says Mr Hewitt, before his fish will take the dry-fly, at the time when our salmon are fresh from the sea. And Mr Hewitt and Mr La Branche, the other American expert, when they tried the dry-fly in Scotland, lost a great many fish and hooked firmly very few—apparently only one salmon was caught (by Mr La Branche) in several visits to the Dee, by this method. They did not try on the Test, where the temperature of the water might have been in accord with their conditions, and where the late Major Fraser and Major Ashley Dodd have caught a number of salmon on dry-flies tied more or less in imitation of the may-fly. But though they succeeded there with the dry-fly, and though most salmon-fishers have seen salmon rise occasionally to a may-fly, or a March Brown, and have even taken an odd fish with imitations of some natural fly, it is not as dry-fly fishing proper that modern fly-fishing for salmon has developed.

And it is a much later development than the dry-fly for trout, just as the literature of salmon fly-fishing has a much shorter history. Though Dame Juliana, as has been said, mentions the use of a fly for salmon, it is only to tell us that salmon is seldom taken 'Wyth a dubbe.' Walton, though of course his Thames was full of salmon, was no salmon-fisher himself, and he merely refers to others for methods of angling for salmon, putting the fly last and giving no description of its use. But Franck, Walton's Cromwellian contemporary—his 'Northern Memories' was written in 1658 though only published in 1694—is the first writer to treat fly-fishing for salmon as the normal method. Though, from his peculiar and crabbed way of writing, we do not get much useful information from him, and though the English writers during the next one hundred years tell us little about fly-fishing for salmon, his book shows that the fly was evidently in use in Scotland—to which country Franck had penetrated from East Anglia—and probably in Ireland. For it was in 1730 that Lord Home caught his great salmon of 69 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. in the Tweed, the record salmon of the British Isles, presumably on the fly; and when Sir Humphry Davy published his 'Salmonia' in 1828, he alludes to fly-fishing in Ireland for salmon 'many years ago,' thus taking us to at least the end of the eighteenth century. Possibly, though the Scots and Irish used the fly, they were less inclined to put their experiences on paper than the more sophisticated English, with their tradition of fishing literature. At any rate, it was not till the first decades of the nineteenth century, when the growth of wealth and leisure enabled English sportsmen to fish the rivers of Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the Continent, as Davy did, that fly-fishing became the recognised method described in the ever-increasing number of fishing books. Scrope, whose 'Days and Nights of Salmon-fishing on the Tweed' (1843) is the first classic on the subject, remarks in his introduction that '99 books have been written' on fishing 'already.'

Though the writers were careful to draw a distinction between the methods to be employed for salmon and for trout in the use of the fly, there was never any doubt that for both fish the fly must be fished downstream.

'You fish well,' says the instructor in Davy's book, 'were common trout your object; but, in salmon-fishing, you must alter your method of moving the fly. It must not float quietly down the water; you must allow it to sink a little and then pull it back by a gentle jerk—not raising it out of the water—and then let it sink again till it has been shown in motion, a little below the surface, in every part of your cast.'

Davy used gaudy flies, having no relation to the natural insect, and explains that nothing is found in the stomachs of salmon. It is clear, however, that he thought that the fish could not be caught till they began to 'feed.' Scrope frankly admits that 'there is no animal in nature resembling our salmon flies.' But he made the rule himself to fish with a large fly 'with sober colours' in deep and clear water, a smaller one where it is shallow, and a large gaudy fly such as, he says, has always been used in Ireland, when the river is full and discoloured. He implies, however, that it does not much matter, within the above limits, what fly you use, provided that it is properly presented to the fish—that is, 'to give the appearance and motion of the living animal.' He advises a rod eighteen to twenty feet long. He always fished downstream, bringing the fly to describe 'the segment of a circle, taking one step in advance at every throw,' and giving gentle jerks with the fly which 'sets the wings in a state of alternate expansion and contraction that is extraordinarily captivating.'

So, generally, did men fish for salmon with the fly for the next three generations. Mr Sheringham, the angling editor of the 'Field,' who edited a new edition of Scrope's book in 1921, could thus write that the way of a salmon with the fly was then the same as it was in 1842, 'and if Scrope were to revisit the Tweed to-day he would surely find himself just as successful an angler, perhaps more successful, thanks to the later improvements in equipment.' Among these Mr Sheringham instances the use of split-cane rods, the 'usual variation' of which would be from sixteen to eighteen feet, with the occasional use of rods as short as eleven feet.

So, till the end of the century and beyond, thousands of salmon were caught in these islands, in Norway, in Ireland—wherever our anglers penetrated and could use

and teach their art. Scores of fresh flies were invented, each with more or less variation of colour and tying but all of the same class, each obtaining temporary reputation as infallible, each built in the same conventional way—a beautiful art which gives infinite satisfaction to the makers. Even if the best authorities, notably Mr Chaytor, whose 'Letters to a Salmon-Fisher's Sons' (1910) is the first classic after Scrope, and Sir Herbert Maxwell before him ('Salmon and Sea-Trout,' 1898), professed that they would be contented with some half dozen patterns, of different sizes to suit different conditions of water; that flies are tied to suit fishermen and not fish; and that variety except in size is quite unnecessary—all salmon-fishers acquired huge collections of salmon-flies, nearly all heavily dressed. All fished with as long a line as possible, at an angle of forty-five degrees downstream, and tried to make their flies 'work,' in order to 'hang' over the fish normally lying unseen below them deep in the water, and to sink their flies as much as possible.

And that is the normal position of the salmon in the heavy and cold waters of spring. Fishermen had, of course, noticed salmon roaming near the surface in the light, slack water of summer on bright, clear days. But, except by the few who tried the dry-fly on the Test, such fish were considered uncatchable, and in summer most people only fished for salmon at dusk, or on grey days, when wind ruffled the surface of the water. Sir Herbert Maxwell notes, as a freak, an angler on the Tyne who cast 'enormously over-winged' flies of neutral colours on small hooks at right angles to the stream, trailing them on the surface of the water and holding his rod high; and who caught as many fish as any one by those unorthodox methods. But no one seems to have taken this hint, though Chaytor mentions one fisherman who, in low water and on light pools, played his fly quickly on the surface, and caught fish. Chaytor draws the same lesson from this as Scrope: that the style of fishing must be varied to suit variations of water conditions.

It was not, however, till Mr Arthur Wood, who fished and studied fishing at Cairnton on the Scottish Dee, published his experiences, first in a collection of fishing articles called 'Fishermen's Pie' and then in the Salmon volume of the 'Lonsdale Library' which appeared in

1931, that the salmon-fishing world became aware of a revolution in the theory of salmon fly-fishing. Before that date his friends, well-known salmon-fishers such as the late Prime Minister, Mr Neville Chamberlain, and Major J. W. Hills, had adopted the new method with enthusiasm; and some, notably Mr W. Barry and Mr Anthony Crossley, have introduced further developments.

Mr Wood's theory is based on his experience that the salmon is more ready to take the fly, when the air is warmer than the water, just under the surface than at any other level: only when the water is warmer than the air will it take at the bottom of the river. He therefore greased his line to make it float, as one does in dry-fly fishing for trout. His experience, further, was that the salmon does not take a fly when it is actually on the surface, when it 'skates' and leaves a wake; or when it is dragged, by the action of the current on the line, which naturally pulls the fly. To counteract 'skating' he left the fly and the cast ungreased, with the result that the fly floated not on the surface but just beneath. Also he nearly always used small flies, with a light line, a fine cast and a rod only twelve feet long, so that his fly did not sink too much below the surface. To counteract the dragging of the fly he 'mended' his line: that is, he threw slack line upstream as soon as the fly reached the water, or even before, in order to avoid the pull on the line caused by the current between rod and fly. He repeated the process as often as necessary to prevent 'bellying' of the line. 'Mending' had been sometimes practised in ordinary salmon-fishing, as this practice enables the fly to fish longer by delaying the action of the current upon it. But it is far more necessary in Mr Wood's method (and far easier, because the greased line is on the surface), because the essence of his method is to fish slow, and show the fly to the fish as long as possible. Further, as he wished to show his fly sideways to the fish, and not endways as in the ordinary method, he cast directly across the current, or even upstream, instead of the traditional angle of forty-five degrees downstream. Therefore, as the fly has much further to go before it is pulled downstream by the current, there is much more scope for 'mending.' Mr Wood's aim was to make his fly float down and across, 'like a dead leaf,' neither faster nor

slower than the stream ; and if it was going slower than the stream he would 'mend' by casting slack downstream instead of up. He made a great point of 'leading' the fly, i.e., 'moving the rod in advance of the line but not of course dragging it.' When the salmon takes the fly under these conditions—and as the fly is just below the surface of the water you see the actual rise as you rarely do in the traditional method—it is, as a rule, travelling upstream and across. Thus the fly is carried forward by the fish, the slack line is 'bellied' downstream : if you have not enough slack in the water or hanging from the rod (which is held high) you must keep loose line in the left hand and pay it out to the fish. The pull of the line brings the fly back into the angle of the fish's jaw and drives the hook in securely without any action by the fisherman. There is no need to strike—indeed a strike is fatal, for it pulls the fly out of the salmon's mouth. All that is necessary is to 'tighten, by moving the rod in towards your own bank.' This is the hardest lesson of all to learn, for most fishermen accustomed to 'strike,' or rather raise the hand, when they feel that sudden, wonderful pull—which is, as often as not, the only indication that a fish has taken the sunk fly fished deep downstream—cannot resist the same movement when they see the rise of the salmon and the great mouth open, and apparently shut, on the gliding fly.

It will be observed how different all this is from the traditional method in which the fly has been fished since the days of Scrope and before. The line is slack and not taut ; it is cast across and not down ; there is no 'captivating' movement of the feathers of the fly, for it is fished 'like a dead leaf,' and is often so lightly dressed that it has scarcely any feathers. Mr Wood caught fish with a bare hook painted red or blue ; and rod and tackle are infinitely lighter than is required for the traditional method. Further, this vision of the fish, the ability to see and guide every movement of the fly and line, adds immensely, as Major Hills and all who have tried it tell us, to the interest and excitement of the fly-fishing for salmon. It has almost the same charm, when you have learned to guide your fly and present it properly, and hook a particular fish which throws itself repeatedly in a difficult place, as fishing with dry-fly or nymph for a particular

trout: though, of course, it is the presentation of the fly, and not the choice of the fly on which the fish is feeding, as a trout feeds, that determines your success. All the pundits agree that the colour of the fly does not matter, and some of Mr Wood's pupils even say that size does not matter—though Mr Crossley always fished small sizes, and changed as often as five times in one pool to suit the change in the character of the water. He and others made variation on Mr Wood's method by using droppers, that is, fishing with two flies to increase the chances, and fishing with double-hooked flies; but the principles were unchanged.

Will those principles be universally adopted? Will the classical method be entirely discarded? The answer is in the negative. No doubt Mr Wood's success in his own water on the Scottish Dee was very great. In one year (1920) he caught to his own rod 343 salmon out of a total of 707, and many of his guests' fish must have been caught by his method. But even he fished with the sunk fly when the air was colder than the water. He cannot tell us why the salmon below the surface of the water should be affected by the temperature of the air, which they presumably do not feel; but all the authorities agree that, whatever the explanation, the fact is undoubted. Therefore, under certain conditions, the sunk fly will continue to be used everywhere. Then Mr Wood's method was particularly suited to his river—clear water, with lots of 'carry' and no great deep 'dubs,' and quantities of fish. In other rivers, with other conditions, it may not be so effective. In the Wye, for instance, the late Mr Crossfield obtained great success (before, it is true, he had learned Mr Wood's methods) by use of exactly the opposite practice: he used to pull his fly by hand very quickly across the stream instead of letting it come down and across 'like a dead leaf.' In one famous Irish river, it is reported, as many fish are still caught by the traditional method as by the floating line, though the latter method is generally used because of the lighter tackle and because of the greater interest to the fisherman. That interest comes from the acquisition of skill in what Mr Wood called 'watermanship': ability to control the fly in all the swirls and eddies and currents of a fast-flowing stream or in some oily glide or 'dub.' Finally,

the floating line enables us to catch salmon on days of bright sun and low water, when the classical method is useless. If Mr Wood's discovery is not applicable at all places and at all times, if he did not invent the technique of 'mending,' he has undoubtedly popularised it. And, with the necessary modifications it can be, and is, applied to improve and help the fishing of the sunk fly. So fly-fishers for salmon can be just as grateful to Mr Wood and his followers as are fly-fishers for trout to the masters who gave us the dry-fly and the nymph.

Now, to those who are not anglers, what a mysterious beast must the salmon appear to be, and what odd people those who fish for him. For some tell you that he must be fished for with a 'fly' that is like nothing in heaven or earth, with 'butt' and 'topping' and the rest, and wings that open and shut with the current like a live thing; others that the 'fly' must float like a dead thing; others that it must be pulled to give it live motion in a way in which the wings cannot move. All speak of the 'fly' moving 'naturally,' all agree that the salmon does not 'feed'; all believe, with Lord Grey, that salmon-fishing is the 'greatest of all sports'—and all catch fish. It is that mystery which is its great charm. The way of a trout is mysterious, as is everything in another element, and therefore attractive. The mystery of the salmon is greater, the uncertainty is greater, the reward is greater. And both give us the greatest charm of all—the charm of the riverside and of running water.

MAURICE HEADLAM.

Art. 8.—MEMINISSE JUVAVIT: SOME LIGHTER ASPECTS OF A WAR.

It may not be altogether inopportune to recall to-day, in the light of the Virgilian phrase (as here adapted), some human aspects of the American Civil War, by selecting from the accounts which one has studied of the struggle incidents the reverse of tragic.

To-day, with the Great War and those twenty-one years of armistice between us of the older Army and our reading of such as Colonel Henderson, mention of Antietam and Manassas Junction, the Rappahannock and Chickahominy, Cross Keys, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness; and of Lee, Grant, McClellan, Stuart, Beauregard, Sherman, Sheridan—but, above all, 'Stonewall' Jackson—can still thrill as of old it thrilled us. Whatever the reason, it is a fact that the British Army of one's generation was peculiarly susceptible to the appeal of all these names, and that the spell persists. Is it, perhaps, because of the combatants, chivalrous on both sides, speaking the same tongue, and graduating, as was the case with so many of the leaders, at the same West Point? Or because of the panoply and glamour, the trumpets and guidons, the swords and cavalry charges? A great deal, certainly, is due to Henderson, who, as the sheets came from his pen, in that upstairs room of 'the Rag,' close on half a century ago, set a fashion that left its mark for years on the commissioned ranks of the British Army.

And not alone the Army. John Buchan, in his memoirs published last year, speaks aptly to one's meaning when he tells how, at Oxford, he became a student of the Civil War through reading Henderson's masterpiece. He, too, asks himself what specially attracted him about the contest. 'Partly,' he thinks (in language reminiscent of T. E. Lawrence)

'the romance of it, the chivalry and supreme heroism; partly its extraordinary technical interest, both military and political; but chiefly . . . because I fell in love with the protagonists. I had found the kind of men that I could wholeheartedly admire.'

And he goes on to recall how, since those days, his study of the Civil War had continued. He had visited its battle-

fields and followed the trail of its great marches. He had read so widely in its literature that from memory of its details he had often been able to tell the descendants of its leaders facts about their forebears of which they had never heard.

In the British Army, Henderson's artistry has certainly done more than any other, and more than any balanced estimate of the rights and wrongs of the American struggle, to enlist one's sympathies for the South. And though one's own recollections of early route-marching are indissolubly connected with that most stirring of tunes, 'Marching through Georgia'—how our lilting bugles woke the echoes of the Veldt!—yet it was never Sherman, or any of his exploits, that fired the fancy so much as the deeds, recounted by the Hallamshire colonel, of the dour old hero of the Shenandoah Valley. And that 'Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees.'

But it is mostly on the humorous incidents, culled from various sources, that one would dwell here. With Americans as the actors, how could it be otherwise than that humour should break through all the tales of high endeavour and achievement, as sunshine rippling angry seas?

Who that has read Henderson can forget, for instance, his account of Stonewall's measures regarding secrecy, on quitting the Valley, and how they 'produced the most complete blankness in his men, proof against all questioning'?

'The men were forbidden to ask the names of the villages . . . and it was ordered that to all questions they should make the one answer: "I don't know." . . . One of General Hood's Texans left the ranks on the march, and was climbing a fence to go to a cherry-tree nearby, when Jackson rode by and saw him. "Where are you going?" asked the general. "I don't know," replied the soldier. "To what command do you belong?" "I don't know." "Well, what State are you from?" "I don't know." "What is the meaning of all this?" asked Jackson of another. "Well," was the reply, "old Stonewall gave orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight." Jackson laughed and rode on.'

And later, when that Army Corps was resting 'by the clear waters of the Opequon,' after the withdrawal from

Maryland, Henderson inimitably describes how the reaction from all their hardships found vent in gaiety.

'No circumstance that promised entertainment was permitted to pass without attention, and the jest started at the expense of some unfortunate wight, conspicuous for peculiarity of dress or demeanour, was taken up by a hundred voices. . . . A trim staff officer was horrified at the reception of his nicely twisted moustaches, as he heard from behind innumerable trees: "Take them mice out o' your mouth! take 'em out—no use to say they ain't there: see their tails a-hanging out!" Another, sporting immense whiskers, was urged to "come out o' that bunch of haar! I knows you're in there! I sees your ears a-working!"'

And there follows the account of Stonewall's own reception by his adoring men, and how, whenever he rode through the lines, the fierce fighters of Antietam behaved like schoolboys on a holiday, greeting him with wild enthusiasm. His horse got to know what the rolling cheers implied, and would break into a canter, and gradually increase the pace, as if to carry his rider as soon as possible from the ordeal. 'Look out, boys, here comes old Stonewall, or an old hare!' would be the cry—these being the only two things that could bring all and sundry from the lines at a moment's notice.

Henderson certainly stimulated our partiality for the Southern cause. But, in doing so, he may be said to have had things pretty well his own way. For books from the standpoint of the Union were never very easy to come by in Britain. (There was Crane's *tour de force*, 'The Red Badge of Courage,' no doubt; but where, in one's boyhood, was there the equivalent of Henty's 'With Lee in Virginia'?)*

There is, however, a book, 'Under the Old Flag,' by General James Wilson, who brilliantly commanded the Union cavalry in the Western theatre of war, which, had one met it in earlier days, would assuredly have divided one's allegiance.

Its pages sparkle with good things; as when, once, a young Confederate officer was captured and brought to Grant's headquarters. He was put so fully at his ease

* And where, since, one might add, has been an equivalent of 'Gone with the Wind'?

that, after a while, he felt emboldened to ask the general, who had greatly admired his horse, to be allowed to keep it. 'Yes, my young friend,' replied Grant, with his gentle smile, 'I understand your feelings. But as we are in need of horses, and yours is such a beauty, I will ask you to turn it over to us; and I shall give you, in exchange, an order on your Confederate authorities for an excellent horse of my own, which one of your erring fellow-countrymen took a few months ago at Holly Springs.'

Then, for free-and-easiness, the story would be hard to beat of the Tennessean gunner colonel and his sergeant, to whom he sent this order: 'Dear Sir, Immediately on receipt of this you will take your guns down to the river, load 'em up, fire 'em off, swab 'em out, and report result to yours truly, Colonel Spears,' to receive in due course the reply: 'Dear Sir, In obedience to your order, I have taken my guns down to the river, loaded 'em up, fired 'em off, swabbed 'em out, and now have to report—nothing in partickler. Yours truly, Sergeant Brown.' Running it close for casualness was the sardonic Sherman's direction as to the choice of an officer to lead his cavalry in the famous march to the sea: 'Of course I know Kilpatrick is a hell of a damned fool; but he's just the sort of a hell of a damned fool I want!'

Nothing in soldiering has ever been more strictly enjoined on one than the need for definiteness with regard to orders. Meade, though a very able officer, always found it easier, Wilson says, to obey a detailed order than to issue one. Once, during a battle, he requested General Warren to 'cooperate with Sedgwick, and see what can be done.' To which Warren (who had been his chief-of-staff, and knew him well) replied:

'General Meade, I'll be God d——d if I'll "cooperate" with Sedgwick, or anybody else. You are the commander of this army, and can give your orders, and I will obey them. Or you can put Sedgwick in command, and he can give the orders and I will obey them. Or you can put me in command, and I will give the orders and Sedgwick shall obey them. But I'll be God d——d if I'll *cooperate* with General Sedgwick, or anybody else!'

During the spring of '64, when the Union armies were moving cautiously on Richmond, barely held back by

Lee's enfeebled ranks, Wilson tells us how he came up one day with a former classmate, Captain Andrews. This young officer had been A.D.C. to the General Sedgwick of the preceding episode, but on his general's death in action had reverted to regimental duty, and was commanding a company on foot. His kit was tied up in a bandana handkerchief, slung upon his sword, which he carried over his shoulder. Footsore and despondent, he inquired of Wilson if he knew where he could procure the mouthpiece of a key-bugle. This cryptic question aroused Wilson's interest, for he knew Andrews for an officer of imperturbable temper and great courage, who had fought all through the war. 'Oh, I merely want,' replied Andrews to his query, 'to be considered for the band, the only berth in this Army where a man's life is worth a cent. Nearly everybody I know has been either killed or wounded; and if this campaign, with its senseless assaults of entrenched positions, is to continue much longer, my turn is certain to come soon; and I want to avoid that if I can honourably do so.'

At the crossing of a tributary of the James, during Wilson's march to join up with Sheridan, occurred one of those little incidents which are only possible in a civil war such as this one (for all its ferocity, it was fought on the whole *selon les règles*, and with chivalry). Wilson had stayed behind with the rearguard to see some stragglers safely over the river by an improvised bridge, and had then set the structure alight himself, just as a Confederate party under an officer reached the scene. The officer, finding himself too late, waved a cheery farewell: 'Good-bye, boys; sorry to see you safely over!' Wilson and he exchanged good-humoured banter; and they 'parted,' he says, 'like soldiers, with an *ave atque vale*.'

Then there was the episode of the unsound horse. One of Wilson's A.D.C.s had replaced his own worn-out mount with a showy animal which he had taken from a farmstead, and riding what is described as 'a handsome, high-headed chestnut single-footer, which would have delighted the heart of a Kentucky breeder,' arrived one evening at the bivouac, calling to his comrades to admire his acquisition.

Wilson remarked that as the animal seemed so fresh,

and such a 'good 'un,' he might as well carry back a message to one of the outposts.

Wheeling about, the A.D.C. dashed off, 'kicking up the dust finely.' But before many minutes he was back again in camp, looking distinctly sheepish. He had found, in trying to take a short cut through a wood, that the horse was blind. Not readily was he allowed to hear the end of the adventure.

Here, too, is a poker story.

General McCook, of the Union cavalry, was halted one night with his staff at the plantation of a Colonel Seabee, a hospitable Southern gentleman, fond of a convivial evening, who did not see why he should neglect his duties as host just because the troops who had arrived in his compound were 'Yanks.'

'After dinner the Colonel, following the custom of the country, invited them to a game of cards, as the only entertainment he could offer them. Of course, the stakes were heavy, and, as the host lived in a region where poker was not regarded as a game of chance, the luck was with him. But in the midst of the game his coloured overseer softly entered the room and whispered: "Colonel, them Yankee soldiers outside is burning yo' fence-rails." The Colonel dismissed him with a deprecatory wave of the hand and gave increased attention to the game. Shortly afterwards, the overseer burst into the room and called out this time so that all could hear him: "Colonel, if you don't come out here quick and stop it, them Yankee soldiers will burn de very last one of yo' fence-rails!" Even this did not move the imperturbable Kentuckian, for the game was still going his way; but raising his voice without taking his eyes from the table, he called out: "Go away from here, you black rascal; don't you see I'm making fence-rails a heap faster than those Yankee troops can burn them?"'

Boredom, of course, in the intervals of marching and desperate fighting, often took a lot of combating. Once, down in Tennessee, when Wilson and his men were quartered in a desolate hamlet of log-houses called Pinhook Town, they received a bundle of Nashville papers, some weeks old, containing an account of Sherman's capture of Savannah, and how he had 'presented it to President Lincoln as a Christmas gift.' This suggested to one of the staff that they, on their part, should present 'the city of Pinhook, with all its dependencies and

resources,' to Mr. Lincoln as a New Year's gift ; and they spent some time composing suitable messages to accompany the presentation, submitting them to the general for his approval. But it was a rather forced and cheerless form of fun, he tells us ; and it seemed a mercy when they ' found hog and hominy enough to keep body and soul together in that land of 'poor whites,' with neither turkeys nor chickens, and not enough girls within twenty miles for a country dance.'

But still the fun keeps breaking through whenever it has the chance. This is how Croxton, one of McCook's brigade-commanders, proceeded to carry out his orders to bring in a supposedly small party of 'rebels' lurking in a wood.

He went off at once with a troop, but had hardly entered the wood when he found he had started a first-class fight. At least a brigade of the enemy were advancing on him, so that he was quickly driven back himself, and in danger of being taken. Escaping by the skin of his teeth, he returned to his general, saluted gravely, and remarked : ' General, I sure would have brought them in if only I had known for certain which were the ones you wanted ! '

But there were 'characters,' of course, like Croxton, on both sides ; and one of the most attractive personages figuring in such narratives as deal with the Western theatre of the war was the daring and resourceful Confederate cavalry leader, Forrest. Wilson tells us that it was said of him that he used to boast of being self-taught—' I never rubbed my back against no college,' was how he put it—and of knowing nothing of text-book tactics. But he had 'always found it a workable rule,' he used to add, '*to get there first, with the most men.*'

There are passages in Wilson's volumes which stir the pulses. What, for example, could have more appeal than this description of bugles sounding the Reveille, on the morning of his departure from his brigade in a Virginian valley to take over a Western duty ?

' On the day I left I was aroused before sunrise by the Reveille, which, as custom required, started with my own buglers and was taken up in turn at brigade and regimental headquarters, and then by troop and battery, till mountain and valley, forest and field, re-echoed with the strains of martial music. Nothing could have been more stirring than bugle

answering bugle on that clear, chilly morning. Borne, at first softly, in upon the awakening sense, gradually swelling as note answered note, and finally dying out in the distance with a delicious lingering concord of sweet sounds, it was an experience never to be forgotten.'

Soldiers will readily sympathise with these sentiments of Wilson's, and follow him when he adds that his regrets at parting from his comrades seemed softened in the melodies of that morning, and filled his heart with an understanding and affection which lasted all his life.

'Under the Old Flag' ranks, indeed, high for vivid descriptions of incidents of the Civil War. Here is an episode in the fighting about Nashville, when the Union cavalry, under Wilson, confronted Hood, and drove him headlong back. Incidentally, it discloses a remarkable coincidence :

'Without pausing . . . the gallant troopers formed front into line and dashed headlong in the thick darkness against the layout which barred their way. The blaze of the enemy's carbines fully indicated its extent, and one of the fiercest conflicts occurred that ever took place in the Civil War. . . . At the first dash Spalding found himself and his command inextricably mixed up in a hand-to-hand fight in which no man could distinguish friend from foe. But all did their best with pistol-shot and sabre-stroke to clear the ground they had gained.'

Amid the confusion Spalding, colonel of a cavalry unit on the Federal side, and Rucker, who commanded the regiment which bore the identical name and number with the Confederates, found themselves at grips.

'Who are you, anyway?' cried the Confederate; and the defiant reply came back: 'I am Colonel George Spalding, commanding the 12th Tennessee Cavalry.'

Whereupon Rucker rushed at Spalding, grabbed hold of his rein, and called out fiercely: 'Well, you are my prisoner, for I am Colonel Ed Rucker, commanding the 12th Tennessee *Rebel* Cavalry!' 'Not on your life!' shouted the Union colonel, and giving his horse the spur, he slashed at his antagonist's arm and made him release his hold.

At that moment Captain Boyer, of Spalding's regiment, joined the fray and attacked Rucker. By some means

their sabres became exchanged. For a time they continued to exchange blows with 'swapped' weapons, until a chance shot broke the Confederate horseman's sword-arm, and he surrendered. The sequel is thus recounted :

' When the gallant deeds of that night had become a pleasant memory of their declining years, Spalding and Rucker met in the course of business or pleasure, and this led to friendly relations and correspondence, the result of which was that Spalding, then a banker and a member of Congress, returned the captured sword to Rucker, who had become a distinguished citizen, a capitalist, and a manufacturer at Birmingham, in the iron district of Alabama.'

Yes, there is something very thrilling in the accounts of cavalry encounters in that hard-fought war ; and when Wilson writes, as he often does, of ' bugles blowing and guidons fluttering in the wind,' as ' they rushed bravely at each other and became engaged hand-to-hand,' of how he ' ordered my bugler to sound the charge, and sang out for Hatch and Knipe to advance on both flanks, and my escort, the 4th Regular Cavalry, two hundred strong, to charge the enemy centre, head-on with drawn sabres ' ; and when he describes ' the impetuosity of the Union cavalry ' as ' beautiful to behold,' and talks of ' battle-flags,' we hear again the jingling bits and the thunder of hoofs, and glimpse the lost panoply of warfare.

There is a deal of human interest to be derived, too, from anecdotes, gathered from various sources, of the idiosyncrasies of some of the protagonists in regard to dress. The blue of the North and the Southern grey were simple and unadorned as any khaki. In the case of the South, indeed, as time went on and resources dwindled, even the distinction of colour vanished, and the troops had sometimes actually to clothe themselves in uniforms captured from the enemy. Grant, Lee, and Jackson were plain to severity in their turn-out ; and the story is told of how the last-named received, almost with dismay, the brilliant new tunic which the dashing Stuart once sent him as a present.

When the emissary waited upon him one evening, bearing, as a token of Stuart's regard, the brand-new product of a Richmond tailor, he was genuinely taken

aback. He had a most profound respect and admiration for the giver ; but he recoiled before the gift.

The emissary has described how he found Jackson in his old weather-soiled coat, which exposure to sun, rain, and gunpowder had rendered almost unseemly. After a while he produced General Stuart's present

' in all its magnificence of gilt buttons and sheeny facings and gold lace, and I was heartily amused at the modest confusion with which the hero of many battles regarded the fine uniform, scarcely daring to touch it, and the quiet way in which at last he folded it up carefully and deposited it in his portmanteau, saying to me, " Give Stuart my best thanks, Major ; the coat is much too handsome for me, but I shall take the best care of it, and prize it highly as a souvenir. And now let us have some dinner." '

The major's emphatic protest (Henderson tells us) at the summary dismissal of the matter, and his submission that Stuart was certain to inquire how the coat fitted, and that he himself would take it as a personal favour if Stonewall put it on, made the latter smilingly assent. Having donned the coat, he escorted the major out of the tent to where dinner had been served in the open air.

' The whole of the staff were in a perfect ecstasy at their chief's brilliant appearance, and the old negro servant, who was bearing the roast turkey to the board, stopped with a most bewildered expression, and gazed in such wonder at his master as if he had been transfigured before him.'

Meanwhile rumour of the event had sped like wildfire through the camp, and from all sides soldiers came running to the spot, anxious to see their beloved Stonewall in his new finery.

In another account, however, we read that, on second thoughts, the ' old sweats ' looked askance at the unaccustomed splendour, when Stonewall donned it for the first and only time, fearing, they said, that ' Old Jack ' would be afraid of spoiling it if he wore it, and so might be prevented from doing his job with his usual thoroughness.

Stuart, of course, was the *beau sabreur*-in-chief of either side, and where the dress regulations admitted of wide variations took full advantage of the fact. One account calls him ' a soldier from the feathers in his hat to the

rowels of his spurs.' As to the hat, it was ever a most conspicuous one, having a broad brim looped up at one side, Cavalier-fashion, and over it there floated a bunch of large black feathers. Once, when he was nearly captured by some enemy cavalry, he escaped from them minus this gallant headpiece, and for many days afterwards had to submit to a fusillade of inquiries of 'Where's your hat?' Mention of rowels recalls the fact that, in many regiments of Northern cavalry, it was the custom to remove the smaller cog-wheels from the clocks which they looted from Southern houses and use them in their spurs.

Meade, the Federal leader, was not averse, now and then, to a bit of display. On one occasion, when Grant went to visit him at his field-headquarters, the latter, who has been described as 'not as showy as a corporal of his guard,' caught sight of an imposing flag flying over Meade's tent. It was magenta, with a golden eagle in a silver wreath for its centre; and Grant, on beholding it, called out: 'Whatever's this? Is Imperial Cæsar, by any chance, about?'

But these were some of the big men, who had a right to a little 'swank' if they felt like it, and who had 'done things.' Rather in the tradition, though, of the illustrious Tartarin and the redoubtable defenders of Pampérigouste had been some of the lesser fry, who, before hostilities started, and without leaving Washington or Richmond, made such parade and show, and were, in Henderson's words, 'merely civilians in gaudy uniforms and fine feathers.' The leaders on both sides had to exercise considerable firmness in clearing these impostors out before getting down to business. This, needless to say, in no way refers to the real fighters, whom it would be impertinence to belittle—those splendid Americans of either side, the dead, dying, and wounded soldiers, lying in blue and grey heaps everywhere, of the night of Gettysburg, or the victims of the blindfold carnage of the Wilderness.

The story of the interview between the opposing leaders, Grant and Lee, for the final surrender, is full of human interest. There is a vivid account of it in the 'Life' which Fitzhugh, his nephew, wrote of General Lee, under whom he served with much distinction. Grant, of the

slow, charming smile, still in his early forties, of medium height and slightly stooping, carelessly dressed in dark blue uniform, without sword or spurs. Lee, approaching sixty, a tall, striking figure in a handsome uniform of Confederate grey, long boots, spurs, sword, and gauntlets. 'With a magnificent physique, not a pound of superfluous flesh, cheeks bronzed by exposure, grave and dignified, he was the focus of all eyes.' When, after some amiable preliminary exchanges (Lee had not even been asked to make the customary tender of his sword), the terms had been reduced to writing, both generals drew their chairs together for a special talk about the horses of the defeated army. Lee had set his heart on their being permitted to accompany their owners to their homes, to help get in what crops remained; and to this Grant, though horses would also be much wanted in the North, generously assented.

But perhaps Fitzhugh Lee's story of the meeting, under a flag of truce, just prior to this, between Perry, the Confederates' representative, and Seth Williams, of General Grant's staff, is even more full of personal appeal.

Williams was very smartly dressed, while Perry's worn Confederate uniform might grievously have handicapped a less confident man. He was, however, six feet tall and of fine appearance; and, determined to put a bold face on the matter (though, truth to tell, he was almost starving), he drew himself up proudly, as if he represented victors and not vanquished.

He introduced himself to Williams, and the Federal officer started to feel in his pockets, as the Confederate thought, for documents, but in reality, so it turned out, for a large silver flask, remarking that he hoped Perry would not consider it unsoldierly if he offered him some fine old brandy.

'I will own up now,' said Perry later, 'that I wanted that drink awfully. Worn down, hungry, and dispirited, it would have been a gracious godsend if some old Confederate and I could have emptied the flask between us in that dreadful hour of misfortune. But I raised myself about an inch higher, if possible, bowed and refused politely, trying to produce the ridiculous appearance of having feasted on champagne and pound-cake not ten minutes before.'

The Federal, with true delicacy, begged his pardon, and replaced the flask in his pocket. But Perry admits that had he taken a drink, and his own 'Confederate olfactories' obtained a whiff of it, he might have given in; for he had not eaten two ounces in two days, and at that moment his coat-tail was full of corn which he was waiting to parch later.

But, feeling that he must offer some excuse for declining the proffered courtesy, he stiffly said that he had merely been sent to receive whatever official communication might be forthcoming, and could not with propriety accept, or offer, any courtesies.

'In fact,' he adds, 'if I had offered what I could, it must have been my corn.'

With a profound bow to each other, the two ambassadors parted.

P. R. BUTLER.

Art. 9.—‘I BELIEVE . . .’: A LAYMAN’S THEOLOGY.

I

It is notorious that each generation has its own characteristic mode of expressing truth, its own emphasis upon the facts, in every realm of thought. Moreover, one generation’s mode is normally a reaction from the previous generation’s mode, which may have proved to be too vague or too extreme in its terms, or at variance with more recently discovered facts, or in some other way unequal to the stresses of life.

Thus the political philosophers of the seventeenth century were apt to express the relationship between King and people in terms of Divine Right. Because this doctrine produced results of which the majority of the nation disapproved, it was replaced during the eighteenth century by the theory of the Social Contract. The unhistorical basis of the contract theory, apart from any other consideration, was sufficient to discredit it; and it in turn was replaced by the typical nineteenth-century compromise of a democratic monarchy. What will be the twentieth century’s answer to the same political problem has yet to be evolved.

In matters of religion a similar process is observable. Perhaps the characteristic note of the nineteenth century in this realm was ‘social Christianity,’ or sometimes ‘practical Christianity.’ This was the counterpart of the contemporary trend of life in general. The spread of the factory system, and of the resulting problems of poverty, slums, and the like, led to the view that if Christianity was to retain the allegiance of the masses of the people it must show itself actively interested in their welfare and be able to make its own unique contribution towards the solution of the ills which were afflicting them. Firm in this conviction, large numbers of men and women, both clergy and laity, belonging to various Christian churches and sects, have devoted themselves, particularly during the past two generations, to the social application of their faith within their churches and in the community at large.

At the end of these two generations the condition of the world provokes us to ask what have been the effects of such efforts. In this connection there are two relevant

and complementary questions. The more common one is concerned with the effects which the Christian faith has had upon the community: to this question the answers are legion, but they are, fortunately, aside from our present topic. The question less commonly propounded is concerned with the reaction which the social application of Christianity has had upon the Christian faith itself.

Regarded absolutely, the Christian faith is unaffected by human reactions. But ordinary men and women are not much concerned with the absolute. What matters to most of us is the interpretation of the Christian faith in terms of living (which includes thinking). And there can be little doubt that the attempts to apply Christianity socially have profoundly affected the meaning which the Christian faith has for the average man and woman. Has not the emphasis upon the need for a Christian society obscured the fact that the Christian message was delivered primarily to and for individuals? Examination of the Gospels shows clearly that Christ mistrusted crowds. Repeatedly He escaped from them, either to solitude or to the company of a few friends.

'And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught *them*'

That was His attitude throughout His ministry. His most precious words were uttered not to crowds but to individuals, or at most to small groups—to Nicodemus, the Woman at the Well, the Ruler, Martha and Mary, the Twelve. Yet this is precisely the note in the Christian message which during recent years has received least accent. The emphasis upon the social has stifled the mystical. The conviction that this is a false emphasis has given rise to the train of reflections expressed in the following paragraphs.

These reflections of a non-specialist layman are not intended for the theological pundit. He will find here no appeal to Church Councils or to Church Fathers, no denunciations of heresies, ancient or modern, no definitions of creeds or of '-isms,' no argument about predestination *versus* free will. This essay is only what it claims to be: an attempt to express in orderly sequence one layman's thinking about God—it is 'a layman's theology.'

II

We may best begin our thinking at the point where every man can most safely begin, namely, by finding out what Christ thought about God. Christ commonly expressed His relationship to God by speaking of God as 'My Father.' Christ was not only God's messenger; He was God's Son. A son, as such, is his father's representative. More than that, the father's characteristics are thought of as being reproduced in the son. In the person of Jesus, God was expressing Himself in human form, that is, in the highest form of life comprehensible to man. Christ *was* God in human form, so that all that men need to know, and are capable of knowing, about God is to be seen in Christ.

In His teaching about men's relationship with God, Christ had two great words: 'God is Spirit,' and God is 'Your heavenly Father.' The full significance of these words is beyond our human understanding, but of two implications we can be sure: because God is our Father, His relationship to us must be the expression of love; and, again because God is our Father, we must partake of His nature and must also be spirit. These two conceptions together suggest the lines along which must be sought the solution of the profoundest problems of human experience.

That God loves me explains, in spite of the apparent paradox, why His dealings with me vary. For it is now a commonplace of psychology that love is a sentiment evoking various emotions according to the varying circumstances of the object of its affection. Expressed more simply, a father sees fit sometimes to protect, sometimes to encourage, sometimes to restrain, sometimes to punish his son. So, 'whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.'

Also, since men are spirit, they are distinct from the rest of the animal world. Men are not animals that have acquired certain additional spiritual capacities. On the contrary, men are spiritual beings whose spirit is expressing itself through a physical body. The reason that men alone, of all the animal world (so far as can be known), have capacities for spiritual experience is that, unlike the beasts, men are spiritual beings. From this premiss, three corollaries inevitably follow.

The first is that since a man is primarily not a physical

but a spiritual being, he is not a complete man until he is conscious of his spiritual nature and until he deliberately cultivates his spiritual faculties. Spiritual faculties, like other faculties, if neglected, atrophy and ultimately decline below the point at which they are capable of being used. As a matter of simple fact, is not this the condition of a large proportion of men and women of all ages and ranks and tempers and mental capacities? They may be excellent folk—honest, generous, and the like—but they never take the spiritual aspects of life into account. To the realm of the spirit they are as dead as a blind man is dead to the realm of light. Spiritual experience is as completely beyond their ken as the experience of the sunset-glow or of the shimmer of a bluebell wood is beyond the ken of a man born blind. Such men have lost the distinguishing feature of manhood. A man who neglects to cultivate his spiritual faculties is at best an incomplete man. Essentially he is not a man at all: he is only a superior animal. Indeed, man's fiendish perversion of his mental and physical powers in order to wreak destruction upon his fellows may well make us hesitate to think of him as even superior among the animals.

One of the questions most affecting the destiny of man is, therefore, how he can cultivate his spiritual faculties. The answer to that question is also the second of our three corollaries, namely, that the life and the teaching of Jesus show that individual men and women can have personal contact with God as they see God revealed, that is, as they understand God, in the person of Jesus. The word that Jesus repeatedly used to denote the life of the spiritual man is the word 'eternal'; and almost invariably He referred to it in the present tense. 'He that believeth on me hath eternal life'—not 'shall have' but 'hath.' In parenthesis, and to prevent misunderstanding, the distinction must be clearly made between 'everlasting' and 'eternal' (confusion between them being due largely to their indiscriminate use by the Authorized Version of the Bible to translate the same Greek phrase, a practice which the Revisers carefully avoided). 'Everlasting' means 'lasting for ever,' that is, 'for all time'; 'eternal' refers to a state of life in which there is no time or any other of the limiting conditions which have their root in the limitations of man's senses, that is, of man's physical

nature. Eternal life is life of a spiritual quality such as a man may enjoy here and now, while still continuing his ordinary existence, always provided that he fulfils the qualifying condition—'he that believeth on me.' Jesus leaves no doubt that this meant something more than merely believing what He said. In the same context He spoke of it as 'eating my flesh and drinking my blood.' Whatever may have been the religious connotation of that phrase in the mind of Jesus or in the minds of His hearers, it clearly was intended to convey the idea that those who find in Him their inspiration and source of power have—not in some future existence only but already in this present existence—this spiritual quality of life. They have the very spirit of Jesus, the Holy Spirit, living within them.

This has not only brought us to the heart of the whole matter, it has provided us with the material wherewith to answer the often-asked question : 'What is a Christian ?' A Christian is not merely an honest, generous, clean-living man. Countless multitudes of men are honest, generous, and clean-living who cannot be claimed as Christians and who would not make such a claim for themselves. A Mohammedan, or a Hindu, or a man of no religious faith at all, may display these admirable qualities. Doubtless a Christian too will be upright in his dealings with his fellows, but it is not his uprightness which entitles him to be considered a Christian. A Christian is a man who has the continual experience within himself of eternal life derived from God as revealed in Jesus, that is, who has the Spirit of Christ living within him.

The third of the corollaries is a natural sequence from the second, namely, that since eternal life is timeless it cannot be limited to our present, human existence. What happens to the individual at and after death is a matter about which, in the nature of the case, we can have at best only limited knowledge. The human body decays ; but, since that body was only the temporal medium through which the spirit expressed itself, there is no obvious reason for thinking that the spirit is involved in the body's dissolution. On the contrary, it is natural to suppose that the spirit lives on, though in what form we do not know.

This 'spirit' is none other than the real self or ego of

the individual. It is the part of the individual which he himself is aware of but which other people cannot see. Other people can become distantly aware of his inner 'self' only by such intangible things as the smile on his face or the tones of his voice or the twinkle in his eyes. These are the man's self finding expression through, almost in spite of, the man's body. Whatever of the individual survives death, it must be this self.

Further, the character of this self was slowly moulded by the discipline of human life. To a degree about which there is no general agreement, perhaps about which there cannot be general agreement, the individual's character is fixed by the temperament which is born in him. But whatever degree of influence we may place upon congenital characteristics, certainly life's experiences have a profound effect in shaping character. The mature man of fifty years of age is often a very different person from what might have been expected of him at twenty. It is not merely that he has met more people or learned his way about life's mazes : he himself is different. Some men, it is true, seem never to pass through this process of change : they are the men who never grow up. Of the rest, some develop gradually. Yet others experience what appears to be a sudden transformation : a reorientation of the whole of their life results from a mighty spiritual upheaval. And it is the self in its final character, the self as it has been moulded by its daily and hourly experiences, that lives on after human death. A man's reaction to every incident in his daily round and common task, his innumerable choices in matters great and small, these are the things that help to shape the self that is to live on. It is this conviction that can redeem even the most monotonous existence from boredom and drudgery ; for it gives to every detail of a man's life a significance not merely present but eternal.

III

Does such a confession of faith seem thin and feeble ? It is certainly in marked contrast to the contents of the traditional manual of theology. It contains no declaration about the doctrines of the Incarnation, Redemption, Regeneration, or Justification. That these matters have

not been specifically mentioned must not be taken as implying that they, or the truths which they represent, are to be regarded as of no importance. But are they not consequences of, rather than foundations for, the individual's faith? The major Christian doctrines are, in the last analysis, only human statements about cardinal aspects of God's self-revelation in Christ. They are valid only for those individuals who have communion with God in Christ, who have the Spirit of Christ living within themselves.

There is, however, one factor in Christian life and witness which this peculiarly individual interpretation of Christianity has omitted, namely, the Christian Church. The point therefore needs to be emphasised that the grouping of Christians in the Church is not a contradiction of the essentially individual nature of their spiritual experience but is rather an inevitable expression of that experience. The earliest Christians, being isolated members of non-Christian communities, naturally met together for fellowship with one another and with their common Lord. Such a gathering, even though numbering only the 'two or three,' was 'the Church of God which is at Corinth' or at Ephesus. Such a gathering is still a Church, part of *the Church*. But equally clear is the fact that the earliest Christians had also a more exalted view of the Church. Paul expressed it when he referred to the Church as 'the Body of Christ.' In Paul's view, just as the function of the human body is to carry out the will of the head, so the Church's function is to be the instrument for fulfilling Christ's purposes on earth. This also agrees with Christ's own commands to the first members of His Church: that they should go into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation.

Even apart from Apostolic philosophy or Divine injunction, the association of Christian individuals in a Christian organisation was a human necessity. An isolated, self-sufficing man or woman is an impossibility. Moreover, men are gregarious animals whose nature is to congregate and have relations with their fellows. This nature is as applicable in the religious as in any other realm; and experience shows that no 'movement'—whether political, religious, or any other—can be permanent if it does not express itself in an organisation.

The religious principles proclaimed by Wyclif in the fourteenth century were in essence identical with those of the sixteenth-century Reformation and of eighteenth-century Methodism. Wyclifism, as an effective religious force, died with Wyclif because, though he violently attacked the Church as he knew it, he made no attempt to replace it by any alternative organisation. That Calvinism did not die with Calvin, or Methodism with Wesley (whom Professor G. M. Trevelyan has characterised as 'one of the greatest missionaries and the greatest religious organisers of all history') was to no small degree due to the efficiency of their organisations.

Let it be granted that the Church has often been an imperfect instrument and has often failed in its spiritual mission. Yet this cannot alter the fact that an organisation of Christians is neither accidental nor incidental to Christianity: an organised Church is the expression of the human characteristics of its members, and for the guidance of individual Christians in the present day it provides the accumulated experience of the generations of Christians in the past. Though the Christian experience is essentially an individual experience, it must—if it is to be fruitful, complete, and permanent—be shared with the similar experiences of other Christians both past and present. An isolated Christian is a contradiction in terms.

IV

Those who do not share the Christian experience—in the sense in which Christianity has herein been defined—will naturally and rightly ask at least two major questions. First, what is the practical value of such a mystical religion; what difference does it make in life? If a man can be upright and generous in his dealings with his fellows without being a Christian in this mystical sense, why be a Christian? Has not such a religion got its eye chiefly on 'the world to come'? To which question the answer is that, on the contrary, such a Christian faith is a religion for this life. Only those who experience it are completely developed men and women with the joy that comes from the inward power to deal with all life's problems and circumstances. Only when life is thus realised as having a spiritual meeting and a spiritual end do the mysteries of

life fall into their proper place. Only if life has a spiritual meaning are its mysteries capable of solution at all.

The second question that will be asked by the non-Christian brings us back almost to our starting-point, namely, does this interpretation of Christianity mean that it has no message for society? To this question also the answer is an emphatic 'No.' The business of Christian men and women is so to witness as they live that they become as leaven in the lump. But we have to add that Christianity thus regarded holds out scant hope for society except in so far as the men and women who make up society become spiritualised. The notion of a Christian society of men and women who are not Christians is an absurdity. Was not that why Jesus avoided crowds? He was afraid of a crowd that would have accepted the outward forms of his leadership without understanding the demands He made upon their inward lives and without realising that His message was concerned with spiritual life and not with political or social life except as indirect results of the spiritual. In these days we are hearing much of future reconstruction. The opportunities for it will be immeasurable and certainly without parallel in British history. All the more essential is it that the truth should be understood that a Christian society can be built only out of Christian men and women. As individuals we must be spiritualised. If that condition is fulfilled, not by a few only but by the masses of ordinary folk, there is no limit to the possibilities for good in society.

Such is a 'Layman's Theology,' for individuals and for society.

S. REED BRETT.

Art. 10.—HIS FRUIT NOT BREAD.

PERHAPS never so much as during the past few years has the desire to find some way of interpreting science been so insistent. This is due to two reasons: the change of phase and character in the discoveries science has made since the beginning of the century, and the more direct impact of the results of those discoveries on man. This impact is so amazingly contradictory that we never cease to wonder at it, bringing as it does to the world at large effects so diametrically opposed for good and ill. The good we are most of us willing enough to take for granted. It is the production of so much ill that has caused us to be at pains to understand, so that understanding we may counteract, reducing at the worst the ill to negativity, at best bringing it to positive good.

Many efforts have been made to define what should be the function of science: to assign to it as it were a place in the scheme of things. And it was in this connection that an unusual metaphor recently found its way into the leading article of more than one of our foremost daily papers. 'Science' we read, 'is a Caliban' and as such should be permitted to play no greater part than that of a servant to mankind at large. It would be interesting to know how many of those who used the metaphor knew to whom they were indebted for the implied comparison. That a poet was its originator they would probably be very surprised to learn.

It is rather more than forty years ago now since that same poet made a significantly prophetic statement. The poet was Francis Thompson and he was preparing an introduction to his third volume of poems. His first attempt he cancelled, but his biographer kept a record of it. Contained in it is this reference to the poems about to be published. 'Some are as much science as mysticism, but it is the science of the Future, not the science of the scientist. And since the science of the Future is the science of the Past, the outlook on the universe, of the "Orient Ode" for instance, is nearer the outlook of Ecclesiastes than of, say, Professor Norman Lockyer. The "Orient Ode," on its scientific side, must wait at least fifty years for understanding. For there was never yet poet beyond a certain range of insight who could not have told the

Scientists what they will be teaching a hundred years hence. Science is a Caliban only fit to hew wood and draw water for Prospero . . . ' or as we might alternatively put it ' Science is a Caliban fit only for the service of something higher than itself.'

Francis Thompson's attitude to science was an unusual one, yet its very unusualness gives it a value which links it very closely with much of the scientific thought of to-day. The unusualness lay not only in the attitude itself but in the fact that a poet should possess such an attitude at all. That is why it is so very well worth while to probe more deeply into this fusion of science and poetry which Francis Thompson was able to compass in his poems. It had its roots in two periods of his early life : the time he spent at school at Ushaw College, and the time he spent at Owen's College, Manchester, ostensibly preparing to be a doctor. Both were apparently periods of failure, the first because in spite of Thompson's longing to enter the priesthood he evidenced no sort of vocation for it, and the second because he took the course unwillingly and failed completely to satisfy the examiners in the subjects prescribed for his medical course. True when he sat for his entrance examination to Owen's College he gained distinction in Greek, but that was due to a deep-seated love of words and of language that did not bear any relation to the kind of study that his college course would demand.

The failure in both periods was, however, only apparent. Each provided him with material which was eventually to find expression in the poems so characteristic of his genius. To Ushaw he owed his close knowledge of classical and English literature, to Owen's College his reactions to the materialistic science teaching of his day. To those who have interested themselves in Thompson's early history it is common knowledge that the lectures he attended in his college course were much fewer in number than those he 'cut.' Years afterwards he admitted that he hated his 'scientific and medical studies and learned them badly.' Left there, the statement gives a feeling of frustration which, however, its corollary, 'even that bad and reluctant knowledge has grown priceless to me,' entirely dispels.

It is in the manner of 'growing priceless,' however, that Francis Thompson's unique attitude to science is best

made clear. He was willing enough to take scientific facts into his own hands and interpret them or theorise about them in his own individual way. But that was less easy than might at first appear. 'Many a bit of true seeing I have had to learn again, through science having sophisticated my eye, inward or outward. And many a bit I have preserved, to the avoidance of a world of trouble, by concerning myself no more than any child about the teachings of science. Especially is this the case in regard to light. I never lost the child's instinctive rightness of outlook upon light because I flung the scientific theories aside as so much baffling distortion of perspective.' Such an outlook at first sight might be regarded as ridiculous, as due in fact to the tendency of an ignoramus to belittle what he did not fully understand or appreciate. Francis Thompson's own statements in more than one instance both in his prose and his poetry show that this, however, is by no means the state of affairs. He realised the nature of scientific discovery, more, he showed that science itself does not always realise the full implication of the discoveries it has made. In 'The Victorian Ode' scientists are those

' . . . who pushed back the ocean of the Unknown
And fenced some strand of knowledge for our own
Against the outgoing sea
Of ebbing mystery.'

and in 'The Nineteenth Century' science is

' . . . the blind worm that bores the mold
Bloodless, pertinacious, cold,
Unweeting what itself upturns,
The seer and prophet of the grave.

' It is a thing of sightless prophecies
And glories past its own conceit,
Waiting to complete
Its travail, when the mounded time is meet.
Nor measured fit renown
When that hour paces forth
Shall overlook those workers of the North
And West, those patient Darwins who forthdrew
From humble dust what truth they knew,
And greater than they knew, not knowing all they knew.'

Remembering Thompson's joy in the microscopic vision of a snowflake it is no wonder that in this same poem he can pass from those who

' . . . drew to light
By their sciential might
The secret ladder wherethrough all things climb
Upward from the primeval slime.'

to the patient worker with the microscope—

' Him that with burnished tube betrays
The multitudinous diminutive
Recessed in virtual night
Below the surface-seas of sight.
Him whose enchanted windows give
Upon the populated ways
Where the shy universes live
Ambushed beyond the unapprehending gaze.

Had he been living now it would perhaps have surprised him to hear men of science not only supporting many of his statements, tacitly at times, openly at others, but calling on some higher authority than themselves to interpret the mysteries they are disclosing. It is just about five years ago since Sir Richard Gregory in a speech before a body of eminent scientists declared that what was most needed at the present day was 'a poetic interpreter of science.' It seems a pity that he couldn't have taken down Francis Thompson's poetry from some bookshelf and found at once the very thing he sought. Although other scientists have not so plainly stated their need they have yet made clear the fact that language fitting the descriptive exigencies of their discoveries and ideas was quite outside the scope of their vocabulary. Sir James Jeans not so very long ago pointed out in 'The New Background of Science' that 'the external world has proved to be farther removed from the familiar concepts of everyday life than nineteenth-century science had anticipated, and we are now finding that every effort to portray it brings us up immediately against concepts which we can neither picture, imagine nor describe. We have already seen that radiation cannot be adequately portrayed, either as waves or as particles, or in terms of anything that we can imagine, and we shall soon find that the same is true of matter.'

In the same book he follows the presumable course of the world's history when, by the laws of probability, radiant energy will have become uniformly diffused throughout space, when temperatures will have fallen too low for life to continue anywhere. But he inserts a proviso and hints at an unknown 'guiding something' which may so affect the forces of the universe as to cause them to 'transfer their allegiance from the laws of probability to that guiding something.' From that faint yet hopeful tending towards a guiding principle Sir James seemed to fall back somewhat. Some two years ago, when he addressed the Astronomical Society at Edinburgh, he gave his audience so amazing an array of facts on stars and planets, on light and other radiant energy in this mysterious universe as to sound more like fantasy than fact. And from these he passed to the realm of surmise and indicated that there was an absolute feast of hypotheses from which a theorist might choose and on one of which he might pin his faith. For himself, he declared, he was disinclined to pin his faith to any. In fact after ranging over the concepts of finite or infinite space, curved space or flat, the standing-still or changing in value of the so-called 'constants' of nature, he came to a deadlock: he wondered if any of these concepts had any meaning at all. Whereat he rather whimsically though wistfully assured his listeners that it was true he had led them into a maze without even attempting to indicate to them a way out.

That was in 1938. It was in 1897 that Francis Thompson made the prophetic statement already mentioned. It might have been apt for someone to have quoted perhaps

'When to the new eyes of thee
All things by immortal power
Near or far
Hiddenly
To each other linked are
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.'

from the 'Mistress of Vision,' where the poet's phrase 'immortal power' could well displace the 'guiding something' of the scientist. Or again from the 'Orient Ode,' the poem be it remembered which Thompson believed

would not be fully understood till fifty years after it was written,

‘ For oh, how could it be,—

When I with winged feet had run

Through all the windy earth about,

Quested its secret of the sun,

And heard what thing the stars together shout,—

I should not heed thereof

Consenting counsel won :—

“ By this, O Singer, know we if thou see.

When men shall say to thee : Lo ! Christ is here,

When men shall say to thee : Lo ! Christ is there,

Believe them : yea, and this—then art thou seer,

When all thy crying clear

Is but : Lo here ! lo there !—ah me, lo everywhere ! ” ’

And what of this as interpretation, as way of escape from the modern sciential maze ? It comes from ‘ In No Strange Land ’ with, written below the title, the words ‘ The Kingdom of God is Within You.’

‘ O world invisible we view thee,

O world intangible, we touch thee,

O world unknowable, we know thee,

Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

‘ Does the fish soar to find the ocean,

The eagle plunge to find the air—

That we ask of the stars in motion,

If they have rumour of thee there ?

‘ Not where the wheeling systems darken,

And our benumbed conceiving soars !—

The drift of pinions, would we hearken

Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

‘ The angels keep their ancient places ;—

Turn but a stone, and start a wing !

’Tis ye, ’tis your estranged faces

That miss the many-splendoured thing.’

To Francis Thompson the whole universe was ceaselessly pulsating with the vibratory waves of light and sound, only the tiniest proportion of which he realised could be apprehended by ear or eye. As he put it ‘ in the solar spectrum beyond the extreme red and violet rays are whole series of colours, demonstrable, but imperceptible

to gross human vision'—infra-red and ultra-violet rays of course in modern scientific parlance. So many are these 'unapprehended' rays that Sir Ernest Bragg in 'The Universe of Light' gives it that the part of light which our eyes are able to behold is but one octave of radiation from a titanic scale of sixty octaves or more. Yet 'unapprehended' though they might be by Thompson's 'gross human vision' he was aware of them with his inner faculties as a seer to an extraordinarily sensitive degree. To him the sun lighting up a garden and waking it to beauty was

' Low and vibrant visible.'

To him sound was but an outside thing clothing an inner radiating centre. He could thus write

' Like the unseen form of sound
Sensed invisibly in tune'

connecting the vibrations of two scientifically distinct forms of radiation into an indissolubly connected whole.

In 'New Year's Chimes' Francis Thompson reaches a peak of vision, and he expresses that vision in terms which allow no doubt of his power as a poetic interpreter of science.

' What is the song the stars sing ?
(And a million songs are as song of one)
This is the song the stars sing :
(Sweeter song's none)

' One to set and many to sing
(And a million songs are as song of one)
One to stand, and many to cling,
The many things, and the one Thing,
The one that runs not, the many that run.

' The ever new weaveth the ever old
(And a million songs are as song of one)
Ever telling the never told ;
The silver saith, and the said is gold,
And done ever the never done.

' The chase that's chased is the Lord o' the chase
(And a million songs are as song of one)
And the pursued cries on the race ;
And the hounds in leash are hounds that run.

' Hidden stars by the shown stars' sheen ;
 (And a million suns are but as one)
 Colours unseen by the colours seen,
 And sounds unheard heard sounds between
 And a night is in the light of the sun.

' An ambuscade of light in night,
 (And a million secrets are but as one)
 And a night is dark in the sun's light,
 And a world in the world man looks upon.

' Hidden stars by the shown stars' wings
 (And a million cycles are but as one)
 And a world with unapparent strings
 Knits the simulant world of things
 Behold, and vision thereof is none.'

Everywhere Francis Thompson found materials for poetry, in the common things of life, in Nature, in human emotion, in children. The diminutive seems always to have had a special attraction for him. Think of his poem 'A Question,' where he calls a small bird his 'poet of the blue.' It is obvious that this very quality of smallness holds for him a wonderful appeal.

' What's *your* thought of me, Sweet ?—
 Here's *my* thought of you.

' A small thing, a wee thing
 A brown fleck of nought ;
 With winging and singing
 That who could have thought ?

' A small thing, a wee thing
 A brown amaze withal,
 That fly a pitch more azure
 Because you're so small.'

It is difficult to separate into categories the different types of poetry that Francis Thompson produced. For as soon as one singles out a poem dealing with an apparent simplicity one is brought up against a larger issue. Even the thought of the 'brown fleck of nought' suggests to him his own relation to powers higher and greater than himself. When he writes on a field flower we learn that

'It came up redolent of God
 Garrulous of the eyes of God
 To all the breezes near it,
 Musical of the mouth of God
 To all had ears to hear it,
 Mystical with the mirth of God
 That glow-like did ensphere it.
 And—"Babble! babble! babble" said;
 "I'll tell the whole world one day!
 There was no blossom half so glad,
 Since sun of Christ's first Sunday."

Even here we are brought into God's presence, and by so simple a medium as a common field flower. We are shown God in an unusual light, for we find Him capable of mirth and gladness, a capacity in Him Chesterton discerned so plainly that he was not afraid to dower God with the gift of laughter.

Poems on children for instance are poems on flowers, on hills, on thoughts of the sea, deepening perhaps to philosophy or to sentiments almost beyond the scope of words. Think of the first two stanzas of 'Daisy':

'Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
 Six foot out of the turf,
 And the harebell shakes, on the windy hill—
 O the breath of the distant surf!—
 'The hills look over on the South
 And southward dreams the sea;
 And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
 'Came innocence and she.'

ending so sadly in

'Nothing begins and nothing ends
 That is not paid with moan;
 For we are born in other's pain
 And perish in our own.'

Francis Thompson's observation of children must have been extraordinarily delicate. We come across proof of this not only in his poems on children or those dedicated to them, but in other quite unexpected places as well. He knew the 'wise, idle childish things' that children talk. He could write of the poet who leaned towards a flower taking

'... its meaning gaze for gaze
 As baby looks on baby.'

He could write of Jesus as if he were just an ordinary human child with the ordinary child's feelings and affections :

' Didst Thou kneel at night to pray
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way
And did they tire sometimes being young
And make the prayer seem very long ?
And dost Thou like it best that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee ?
I used to think, before I knew
The prayer not said unless we do.'

Those last two lines open up for us a view right into Francis Thompson's own childish thoughts. He must have had that feeling of ' the prayer not said ' unless his small hands were joined in the accepted supplicatory way. Another question in the same poem :

' Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys ? '

rings with a true sort of understanding. For Francis as a child loved playing with toys, especially with his model theatre which he manipulated in a surprisingly expert way. He loved children to the end of his life. This love he hinted at in his poem ' To My Godchild,' for he bade her not to look for him after death ' among the bearded counsellors of God ' but to seek for him among ' a younger company '—to look for him in fact ' in the nurseries of Heaven.'

Nature called loudly to Francis Thompson for in Nature he found so much of that beauty for which he longed. But always as he wrote of Nature his mind slid imperceptibly to thoughts that lay beyond what Nature revealed. He could write of ' A Fallen Yew ' that

' Its breast was hollowed as the tooth of eld ;
And boys, there creeping unbeheld
A laughing moment dwelled.

' Yet they, within its very heart so crept,
Reached not the heart that courage kept
With winds and years beswept.

' And in its boughs did close and kindly nest
The birds, as they within its breast,
By all its leaves caressed.

' But bird nor child might touch by any art
Each other's or the tree's hid heart
A whole God's breadth apart ; '

Francis Thompson could write of autumn, of a sunset, of the earth, of a snowflake. Imagery of poetry there would be no lack—descriptive power would make each in its turn fully alive. But something else would live too—something beyond the seen and heard, more lasting in quality more poignant in appeal. 'To a Snowflake' implies all the knowledge which only a microscope view could give the observer ; it implies too that persistent appeal that the diminutive always made to the poet, and above all it implies the ever recurrent realisation of the presence of God. As he looks at the crystalline beauty that the magnifying power of the microscope reveals he seems to hear the snowflake's ' God was my shaper.'

' So purely, so palely
Tinily, surely
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed
With His hammer of wind
And His graver of frost.'

Francis Thompson's depth of vision is almost baffling in its completeness. It involves a unity with Nature that is almost pantheistic in quality. It involves too a grasp of scientific facts that is by no means ordinary. Greatest of all it involves a transcending awareness of God which renders even some of his lightest verses the utterances of a mystic. The power of vital quietude belonged to Francis Thompson. He could observe and be still—still physically, mentally, and spiritually—but not with the stillness of inertia. His quietude involved a power of creative absorption which could result in some new outlook on the world's grandeurs, or on its simplicities ; on the world's beauties or even its uglinesses. 'Contemplation' reveals more nearly than any other poem this characteristic quality. Everything that Francis Thompson sees about him is at rest.

' And life with all things seems too perfect blent
For anything of life to be aware.
The very shades on hill and tree and plain,
Where they have fallen doze, and where they doze remain.'

Then comes the probing beneath the surface, the realisation that

'No hill can idler be than I;
No stone its inter-particled vibration
Investeth with a stiller lie;'

and the further realisation that

'In skies that no man sees to move
Lurk untumultuous vortices of power.'

It connects at once with that other thought already quoted of the 'shy universes' that live 'ambushed beyond the unapprehending gaze.'

It is hard to define the peculiar 'genius' of Francis Thompson's poems. From one who himself confessed that he always chose to use metaphor in preference to simile it is surely only logical to look for a free use of imagery in the poetry he wrote. Such a use too was the natural outcome of one who interpreted life as in some sort a metaphoric appearance, an allegory, or we might even say a shadow play hinting at but never wholly revealing the fuller measure of living that lies beyond it.

'Life's a veil the real has
All the shadows of our scene
Are but shows of things that pass
On the other side the screen.'

To those who are acquainted with puppet lore the full significance of this metaphor will be evident. Francis Thompson's love of his marionette theatre, continuing right through his life, must have extended itself to those strange yet beautiful shadow theatres native to Greece and the Far East where evident to the audience the motions not of true actors but only of their shadows are cast upon the intercepting screen. The screen itself is paradoxical in function: it hides while at the same time it reveals. Yet the thing it reveals is not reality, but its transformed essence, insubstantial and evanescent as a dream.

So much of Francis Thompson's life seemed to end in frustration that it is no wonder that at times this frustration showed itself in his poetry. He was shut out from so much that men count as essentials in life. Yet this very separateness set him apart for a special function. He himself voiced the nature of this function in a contrast he

made between Wordsworth and himself. 'To be the poet of the return to Nature is somewhat, but I would be the poet of the return to God.' His awareness of his high calling rarely sleeps. Two words which have already been dealt with in their right setting form the keynote of what he seeks to interpret in his poetry. What matters most in life is not the obvious but what is 'ambushed beyond' the obvious, as in this :

' O Gain that lurks't ungained in all gain
O love we just fall short of in all love !
O height that in all heights art still above
O beauty that dost leave all beauty pain
Thou unpossessed that maks't possession vain.
See these strained arms which fright the simple air
And say what ultimate fairness holds thee, Fair ! '

As what is beyond the 'apprehending gaze' of man is so often the reality motivating the apparent, Francis Thompson became at times a dreamer rather than a participator in the busy ways of life. But he did not dream merely of imaginative figments. He sensed in his dreams the immortal essence that made the business of those ways in any way possible. Even so he realised that to the world at large such dreaming was without practical value. It did not feed the hungry with bread. But bread alone is insufficient for man's true living so that the fruit of Francis Thompson's dreams was essential after all.

' The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head
Heavy with dreams, as that with bread.
The goodly grain, and the sun-flushed sleeper
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.

' I hang mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread :
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap ; but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper ! '

Even had he lived to-day he would have realised that 'curved space'—of which in his day men had never dreamed—is no solution to the problem of the nature of the universe. It is only another term to add to the technicalities of science. He would have seen science debasing itself to be nothing higher than a 'seer and

prophet of the grave,' losing itself for the time being in the fulfilment of its own earlier 'sightless prophecies.' But he would have looked forward to the farther stage when its travail should be completed and it should press forward into the light.

Tennyson saw the 'whole wide world bound with gold chains about the feet of God.' Francis Thompson scaled the wider extent of space and wrote :

'The world above in the world below,
(And a million worlds are but as one)
And the One in all, as the sun's strength so
Strives in all strength, glows in all glow
Of the earth that wits not, and men thereon.

'Braced in its own fourfold embrace
(And a million strengths are as strength of one)
And round it all God's arms of grace.'

From the spatial spread of the universe he turns in 'Correlated Greatness' to the thought that

'Nature is whole in her least things exprest
Nor know we with what scope God builds the worm.'

Then up in wide sweeps of thought again he reaches the developing of the priestly-allegorical idea in 'Orient Ode.'

'Lo, in the sanctuaried East
Day, a dedicated priest
In all his robes pontifical exprest
Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly
From out its Orient tabernacle drawn
Yon orbèd sacrament confest
Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn.'

And back again once more to the things about his feet. Easter has come and gone, the world has been rejuvenated once more. Francis Thompson's whole being responds to the hidden Bringer of earth's recaptured beauty.

'Look up, O mortals, and the portent heed :
In every deed
Washed with new fire to their irradiant birth
Reintegrated are the heavens and earth !
From sky to sod
The world's unfolded blossom smells of God.'

WINIFRED GRAHAM WILSON.

Art. 11.—PARTY POLITICS.

AN analysis of the idea of Democracy, as Mr Herman Finer has pointed out, indicates that 'it may mean either of two things—either a certain social purpose or a specific machinery of government.'* In Great Britain, until comparatively recently, the latter conception of Democracy has been generally accepted without question, and the object aimed at by progressive political thought has been to secure for the individual the fullest possible civil liberties and a share in the government of his country. The constitutional struggles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, first with the Crown and then with the land-owning classes whose influence in those days largely controlled the Legislature, resulted in the establishment of a form of government responsible to, and to some extent representative of, the people; the further electoral reforms during the course of the nineteenth century continued to widen the franchise until, by the Representation of the People Act, 1917, a system of almost universal suffrage was set up.

In the British democracy, therefore, responsible government is now fully vested in representatives elected by the whole body of the people, and, as there must be differences of opinion regarding national policy among the citizens of any community in which there is freedom of thought and expression, organised political parties have become an inevitable factor in the life of the nation. They can trace their origin back to the reign of Charles II, and party government, as we understand it to-day, may be said to have come into being as a result of the struggle for the Reform Bill of 1832. The basis of our particular form of democracy is that there should always be an alternative Government—that, when one political party has lost the confidence of the House of Commons, the Sovereign should be able to entrust the control of the nation to His Majesty's Opposition in Parliament. If this were not the accepted constitutional practice, the whole of our parliamentary machinery would speedily crumble to pieces. Either some kind of Corporate State

* See 'The Theory and Practice of Modern Government,' by Herman Finer, Vol. I, p. 395.

which tolerated only one political party would be evolved, or existing parties would disintegrate into groups, and a system of parliamentary government would emerge similar to that which has led to the collapse of democracy in so many European countries during recent years.

It is now an established convention of the Constitution that the accredited leader of whichever political party has gained the greatest number of seats at a General Election should be empowered by the Sovereign to form a Government. It is customary for the Sovereign to consult the retiring Prime Minister as to his successor, but there is no obligation for him to do so ; and he must, should there be a choice of candidates for the office, rely upon his own judgment to decide which available statesman is most likely to succeed in forming a Government.*

This prerogative of the Sovereign to choose a Prime Minister is often lost sight of, because, as a consequence of the two-party system as we know it in this country, the selection of a statesman to be the chief Minister of the Crown is usually fairly obvious—since, in normal circumstances, the Sovereign has no alternative on the resignation of a Government but to ask the leader of the official opposition to form an administration. Any appreciable measure in the number of parties, however, would inevitably add greatly to the responsibility of the Sovereign and make his task more difficult.

Once a Prime Minister has been appointed and has formed his Cabinet, he and his colleagues have to trust their political supporters to accept their legislative programme and to assist them in carrying it through Parliament.

It is, therefore, no exaggeration to state that the effective working of the British constitutional system depends upon government by party—for, if an administration is to fulfil its pledges to the electors, it must be able to count upon the loyalty of its followers in the House of Commons, and this applies with equal force whether the

* Queen Victoria, when she entrusted the task of forming a Government to the Earl of Rosebery, does not appear to have consulted Mr Gladstone as to the choice of his successor. See 'Life of Gladstone,' by John Morley, Vol. III, p. 354. King George V on the death of Mr Bonar Law, when there was no accredited leader of the Conservative Party, selected Mr Baldwin to succeed him as Prime Minister rather than Marquess Curzon.

Government of the day represents a single party or a coalition of parties.

The party system necessarily entails the maintenance of a central organisation for each political party. It is needed to hold the party together, to collect the funds which are required for its work, and to persuade the electorate to accept its legislative programme.* It is obvious that political leaders, without the permanent staff supplied by such an organisation, could not be kept in touch with the views of the rank and file of their party in the constituencies, nor could they, without some such central and authoritative channel of communication, make known their policy to their supporters.

It is not unusual at the present time, when we are being so continually reminded that Democracy is 'on its trial' and that a revolutionary crisis of one kind or another is imminent, to hear individuals, who may themselves take no part in public affairs and who usually profess to have no interest in politics, deriding those whom they term 'professional politicians' and asserting that a system which tolerates party politics is both corrupt and inefficient. Such criticism, of course, is a condemnation of representative government, for the business of no modern self-governing community could be carried on unless some, at any rate, of its citizens were willing to give their time and their energies to the service of the State. The much abused politicians exist for this purpose and those of them, who have similar aims and interests, sympathies and antipathies, naturally band themselves together, because, by so doing, they hope to obtain the parliamentary power to carry out the line of policy which they believe to be best calculated to benefit the country.

During the eighteenth century, when the modern party system was in process of development, the Whigs and Tories grouped themselves round particular leaders, the majority of whom belonged to the same social caste and whose political views and social interests, at any rate

* The machinery of party organisation in Great Britain and other countries has been exhaustively dealt with by Mr Herman Finer in 'The Theory and Practice of Modern Government,' Vol. I, chapters XII, XIII, and XIV. It is unnecessary, therefore, to discuss the subject at any length in this article which is concerned not so much with the details of political machinery as with its general bearing upon present political conditions.

after the failure of the Jacobite cause until the outbreak of the French Revolution, were not widely divergent. Family rather than political affinities thus often influenced the shaping of Governments, although the active intervention in political affairs by George III during the greater part of his long reign more than once broke up the usual party combinations. There were, nevertheless, throughout the eighteenth century, and, indeed, until the cleavage in the Tory Party occasioned by Sir Robert Peel's decision to abandon the policy of Protection, only two political parties—nor did the 'Peelites' long survive as a separate group in Parliament. It was not, then, until the advent of the Irish Nationalist Party, as an independent political force, that the normal working of the two-party system, for which the British constitutional system was devised, was seriously disturbed.* Throughout the Home Rule controversy the Irish members in the House of Commons devoted their whole energies to the task of obstructing the work of each successive Government, whether Liberal or Conservative, and, even after Mr Gladstone and the majority of his Party had become converts to Home Rule for Ireland, the Nationalists continued to exercise an important, sometimes a controlling, influence over the business of Parliament, notably during the struggle between the two Houses which culminated in the passing of the Parliament Act in 1913.

Since the departure from Westminster of the Irish members, except those who still represent Northern Ireland in the House of Commons, the rapid rise of the Labour movement into a powerful political party, advocating a complete change in our social system, has led to a continuance of three parties in Parliament, while the internecine strife within the Liberal Party after the

* As late as 1877 the editor of a new edition of Sir G. Cornewall Lewis's well-known 'Remarks on the Use and Abuse of some Political Terms,' was able to write in a note on 'Party':—'It sometimes means, a body of persons united by the common object of asserting some political principle, or of promoting or resisting some particular measure or set of measures. Thus we speak of the Home Rule Party, the High Church Party, the Peace Party, etc. In this sense there may be any number of parties in the country, and the same person may belong to several parties at once. But in another sense there cannot be at any given time more than two political parties in the country, and no person can belong to both of them at once. . . . These are, the Government party and the party of the Opposition.'

last war and the subsequent cleavage in the ranks of Labour occasioned by the formation of the National Government in 1931 have, temporarily at any rate, still further increased the number of parties. For how long these family quarrels will persist, or what new alignment of parties there may be after the present war, remains to be seen; but Liberalism which, like Socialism, is an 'attitude of mind,' and, therefore, difficult of definition, is likely to live on for some time to come. Its tradition still lingers in the country, especially in the agricultural districts in the West and North, and its sentiment still makes a powerful appeal to the nonconformist conscience. What hold it is likely to have on the post-war generation is difficult to estimate, but it is fairly certain that Liberal ideas will be much in evidence when the peace settlement comes to be made. It must not be forgotten that there is a large section of the population in this country which draws a sharp distinction between the Nazi rulers of Germany and the German people, which maintains that we are fighting 'Hitlerism' and that we have no quarrel with the German nation. Reconstruction, we are reminded by 'The Manchester Guardian,' is not only a domestic problem. 'It is in certain fundamental aspects an international problem. Britain cannot save herself without saving Europe. Britons have to learn to look at their problems in the large medium of the atmosphere of Europe. . . . We are now in a position in which we cannot solve our own problems if we try to separate them from the problems of the rest of the world.'

There is much truth in this aspect of the case, but, when matters involving economic policy and the security of the nation against future aggression have to be decided upon, there is certain to be considerable difference of opinion among political parties—and the longer the war lasts, and the more we are called upon to suffer, the greater will become this divergence of views. It is, therefore, almost inevitable that the old tradition of party politics will reassert itself as strongly as ever in the years that lie ahead of us. But although this opinion seems to be not only certain but also desirable to an old-fashioned politician who believes in party politics, a study of the correspondence columns of the daily and weekly press, and of the platform and broadcast utterances of many

individuals of varying importance, shows that a contrary opinion is widely held.

It is argued that the British variety of parliamentary government has outlived its usefulness and that in the brave new world, which, we are told, is to follow the defeat of 'Hitlerism,' there will be no place for the conflict of political parties. Socialist speakers and writers, even before the outbreak of the present war, were urging that the time had arrived for a drastic revision of our constitutional machinery, and some of the more 'progressive' Conservatives were of the opinion that the existing form of party government under a Capitalist system was out of date.

The extreme Socialist theory, as expounded by Professor Laski, for instance, is that representative democracy has failed, or is likely to fail, not because Parliament itself is inefficient, but because the conditions that made parliamentary government successful no longer exist. His contention is that the parliamentary system worked well in the nineteenth century because there was no basic difference between the two political parties. Both Liberals and Conservatives were anxious to preserve the fundamental structure of society, and so the two parties could succeed one another in office without a complete reversal of policy; they differed only as to the means by which their respective ends should be accomplished. The present generation, however, is faced by an entirely new situation. Capitalist society is being destroyed by the results of its own inefficiency. It can no longer ensure the workers a continuous improvement in the national standard of life; the workers are determined to establish an 'Equalitarian State' and to renounce 'the profit-making impulse.' It is no longer possible, therefore, to envisage an alternation of Conservative and Labour administrations; there can be no continuity of policy; every Government in turn will reverse the legislation of its predecessor.

Since this war began there has been a cessation of this direct attack upon our parliamentary system, but there has been a spate of loose thinking and talking with regard to what is called 'Social Justice' which is likely to result in considerable political agitation later on. Just as between the years 1914 and 1918 we were constantly being

assured that we must have 'homes fit for heroes' to live in, so now we are urged from the platform, from the pulpit, and in the press to promote a 'New Order' which few of those who so loudly demand it even trouble to explain.

This phrase 'social justice,' as Mr Maurice Hely Hutchinson has pointed out in an amusing letter which appeared recently in 'The Times,' is gaining currency in our political terminology, and there is a serious danger that like the phrases 'collective security' and 'conscription of wealth' it may become a substitute for thought. Nothing could be more fatal to the re-establishment of the normal life of this country after the restoration of peace than an attempt to set up the reign of Equality in this country. 'In France,' as M. André Maurois states in his book 'Why France Fell,'

'the working of the parliamentary machine was wholly thrown out of gear on the day when the Socialist Party, which had become the largest in Parliament, allied itself with the Communists. You can choose between a totalitarian philosophy and a parliamentary system, but you certainly cannot have both.'

The consequences of any attempt to adopt a similar course of action in this country would probably be as disastrous as they were in France, for the whole course of history shows that either political and social anarchy or the establishment of some form of dictatorship is the inevitable result whenever the passion for economic equality overcomes the love of liberty in men's breasts. 'For the State is founded upon justice, and justice involves liberty, and liberty denies economic equality, because equality of ability, of efficiency, and even of physical force are unknown among men.'* The British people should beware, therefore, of being led away by unthinking enthusiasts who, in their laudable anxiety for social reform and a planned economy, seem ready to jettison the old established tradition of individual liberty and the parliamentary system which secures it.

Democracy, as it has been developed in Great Britain, is based on reason and a sense of fair play. Parliament, which those who do not properly understand its theory and practice are too apt to regard as a mere 'talking shop,'

* 'True and False Democracy,' by Nicholas Murray Butler, p. 9.

filled with self-seeking politicians, is the public forum in which the affairs of the nation are debated and in which its laws are made after due care and deliberation. Hitherto, whatever may be its political complexion, the Government of the day has always regarded itself during its tenure of office as the trustee of the whole nation and not as representing only the views of its own party or of a section of the community *; nor has any great change in our constitutional organisation been effected, until it has been made evident that the majority of the electorate was in favour of it. The conflict over Irish Home Rule covered a period of more than twenty-five years; the struggle between the Liberals and the Conservatives on the matter of the veto of the House of Lords began in the days of Mr Gladstone's last administration and was not settled until 1913; the movement to restore a policy of Protection, which was initiated in 1905 by Mr Joseph Chamberlain, was not crowned with success until 1931.

'To hasten drastic and contentious legislation through Parliament, except on the basis of the clear and unmistakable approval of the majority of the electorate, might, strictly speaking, be legal. But it would be unconstitutional in the sense that it would offend against one of the foundations of parliamentary government, the principle that no party in office shall act so drastically along party lines as to cause grave apprehension among large numbers of citizens or as to be regarded as action designed solely to protect one class of the community, and not the community as a whole.' †

* In a letter of farewell to Sir William Harcourt when he left office in 1885 Queen Victoria deplored the evils of excessive party feeling. In his reply Sir William set out clearly what he considered to be the true functions of party:—'In one sense Party Government is the essence of our parliamentary system, and without it we should fall into the political chaos which afflicts France and even Germany, where the representative body is broken up into a multitude of discordant and interested sections. . . . But though there is and always must be a necessary and wholesome antagonism between the principles and action of the two great political parties there lies between them an extensive neutral territory which is common to both—the attachment to your Majesty's person and throne; the fundamental institutions of the country; the integrity and honour of the Empire; the safety of our foreign relations; all these, so long as they are handled in a manner not to infringe vital principles, ought to be treated as outside the pall of party politics.' See 'The Life of Sir William Harcourt,' by A. G. Gardiner, Vol. I, pp. 530, 531.

† See 'Democracy and Dictatorship,' by Hugh Sellon, p. 40.

To those who understand and appreciate this all-important aspect of our parliamentary system it is a matter of surprise that the more advanced believers in Socialism should advocate its adoption by revolutionary or semi-revolutionary means rather than by the methods of persuasion customary in this country. Surely the right and proper course would be for the Socialist Party to convince a majority of the people of the benefits to be obtained by the adoption of their policy and to prevail upon them to do away with the private ownership of land and to shake off the profit-making instinct which are considered to be so inimical to the best interests of the community? No doubt such a course of action might take some time to bring forth results—for the Capitalist system, as it exists in Great Britain to-day, appeals to the natural instincts of mankind and its supporters would fight hard for its preservation. In the end, however, if the Socialists were able to convince the electorate that their policy was the right one, the other political parties would have to give way to the inevitable. Such is the principle of British democracy.

Before the outbreak of this war at any rate—for how far the war and the policy of Moscow have disillusioned the Extremists of the Left it is not easy to estimate—their answer to this point of view would have been that they were endeavouring to carry through 'a social purpose'; that they were attacking the whole structure of society, not merely renewing or altering certain portions of its failure; that they were determined to establish the 'Equalitarian State' and that they had no intention, once they had been successful in their object, that there should be any return to an antiquated and inefficient form of democracy; that against the vested interests—social, financial, legal, even monarchical—by which they were opposed, they could not hope for permanent success by the employment of the usual methods of party warfare and parliamentary procedure.

How far, then, are these contentions correct—is the social state of this country sufficiently derelict and without hope to justify the inevitable risks attendant upon a complete reversal in the existing social order and constitutional practice? The outlook before the nation in the post-war period which lies ahead of us would, indeed,

be precarious, if the political and social conditions were as unjust and intolerable as they are so often represented to be.

It is at first sight somewhat of a paradox that we should be to-day fighting to the death for the preservation of our democratic institutions, whilst at the same time all sorts and conditions of men are busy criticising the inequalities and hardships of our social organisation and complaining of the inability of politicians with the existing parliamentary machinery to put things right. No one who listens to the nightly discourses of 'Lord Haw-Haw' can fail to appreciate what excellent propaganda material is afforded to him by this ceaseless flow of criticism of British institutions by responsible British citizens; but he fails to realise that the fact that such criticism is permissible in this country, even in time of war, is a clear proof of the strength and sanity of the democratic principles for which we are fighting. We can safely afford to sit in judgment upon society and to express our opinions freely on our system of government, because, however much opposed may be our social outlook and however much we may differ amongst ourselves politically, we are all firmly united in our determination to maintain our national independence and to guard our individual liberties against all aggressors.

No honest man in this country, who is in the least familiar with the inequalities and distresses still prevailing in our national life, would dream of denying that there is much amiss in our social system, or that reforms are needed and should be carried into effect, in order to improve the welfare of the people and to increase our agricultural and industrial efficiency. But equally no one with any historical knowledge, whatever may be his political beliefs, could truthfully maintain that immense improvements have not been made in social conditions and in industrial welfare during the past fifty years, more especially since the last war. Although there still remain a few unrepentant disciples of the gospel of Individualism as it was accepted in the nineteenth century, the vast majority of people in Great Britain, whatever may be their political opinions or social status, now hold the view that the object of government should be to provide the greatest possible measure of well-being for the community as a whole.

The whole trend of legislation within recent years, whatever political party or combination of political parties has been in power, has been towards a more centralised control not only of public utility services and undertakings, but also of industry and agriculture. The only fundamental distinction between the policy of the Left and that of the Right is that the former would entirely eliminate the private ownership of land and of private profit-making, while the latter holds that a 'property owning democracy' is the ideal to be aimed at and that there is nothing morally wrong or deleterious to the State in individual profit-making, so long as the interests of the community are duly safeguarded and that there is no exploitation of the working classes.

The House of Commons to-day is a strange place to anyone who may happen to return to it after a period of some years' absence and whose experience of it was gained in pre-war days. The procedure is the same, many of the faces are the same, but the atmosphere is changed. It would not be true to say that the life has entirely gone out of the place or that members are less sedulous about their duties—but there is little sign of that keen desire either to criticise or defend the policy of the Government which in normal times characterises the conduct of business and influences the everyday life of Parliament. Since the Labour and Liberal Parties decided to throw in their lot with the Government, and their leaders joined Mr Churchill's Cabinet, there has ceased to be an official Opposition in the House and such criticism of the Government as is indulged in is for the most part either of an academic variety or genuinely intended to assist Ministers by gingering them up to make fuller use of the extraordinary powers with which they have been entrusted by Parliament in order to deal with the national emergency, and of which in the main they have seemed hitherto to be somewhat chary of using.

It is true to say that members of the House of Commons, to whatever political party they may belong, are united in their determination to bring the war to a successful conclusion. Mr Churchill is the undisputed leader of the whole House and, even if all his colleagues do not inspire the same confidence among members as does their leader, his Government is in a secure position. The spectacle of

the Prime Minister sitting on the Treasury Bench surrounded by his own political friends and the leaders of the Opposition parties, faced by a front Opposition Bench on which sit Lord Winterton and Sir Herbert Williams side by side with Mr Lees Smith and Mr Shinwell, should assure the observer of the happy family spirit now prevailing at Westminster. But there must, even in the happiest family parties, be occasional jars, and the clashes which occur from time to time between the Labour leaders on the Treasury Bench and some of their more exuberant followers who sit opposite to them show that the constant rivalry, which has always prevailed in the Labour Party, still exists, while the habit of the Labour back benches of seizing any opportunity that may present itself of making impassioned speeches in order to impress upon the public that they are more interested than the members of other parties in the welfare of the 'common people' indicates that, despite the existing calm, political animosities lie close below the surface.

Both the Prime Minister and the Socialist leaders in the House of Commons have intimated that in their opinion it would be desirable to continue the present political coalition for a period of time after the war, and there is a general feeling that there should not be a Khaki Election immediately after the restoration of peace as there was in 1919. The appointment of a Minister to take in hand now the task of reconstruction may be taken as a proof that there is a large measure of agreement as to what ought to be done, and that many of the reforms, the need of which the war has made evident, will be carried into effect without much divergence of opinion. But this does not by any means imply that either the Conservatives or the Socialists or the Liberals are ready and willing to surrender their cherished beliefs for good and all. There is nothing new or exceptional in the suggestion that in a period of national emergency, whether in time of war or in time of peace, the various political parties should combine and work together in the interests of the nation. There have been Coalition Governments in Great Britain from the days of Lord North and Mr Fox to our own time. The two most recent of them before the formation of the National Government in 1931—the Asquith Administration formed in 1915 and the Lloyd

George Administration which succeeded it—were formed in order to strengthen the national effort during the Great War. It was only when hostilities had been brought to a successful conclusion that political differences reasserted themselves and parties resumed their independence. The financial crisis of August 1931, however, led to the formation of another coalition, although on this occasion party conflict did not cease as the bulk of the Labour Party refused to follow their leader Mr Ramsay Macdonald, and remained in opposition to the National Government. In May 1939, on the resignation of Mr Neville Chamberlain, Mr Churchill succeeded in forming a Government which to-day represents all parties in Parliament, except the insignificant I.L.P. group.

But it would be a mistake, nevertheless, to suppose that a coalition of parties for any particular purpose, or in a particular set of circumstances, necessarily implies a permanent union between them; it would be an equal mistake to suggest that, because politicians of varying schools of thought have decided to work together in the same Government, they are necessarily agreed upon a common policy. Sometimes, of course, as in the case of the Liberal Unionists and Conservatives in the Home Rule controversy of the last century, a temporary coalition has resulted in a permanent amalgamation; on the other hand Mr Lloyd George's Coalition Government broke up soon after the national emergency, which had brought it into existence, was over. Parties, as has already been suggested in this article, exist for the preservation of political ideals and for the carrying into effect of political programmes or they exist for nothing at all. It is idle, therefore, to suppose that in a free country men with different viewpoints and different conceptions of government will ever find it possible in normal times to work together for any length of time. 'The agreement to disagree' on a cardinal matter of policy, which was devised by Mr Ramsay MacDonald's Cabinet in order to preserve the unity of the National Government of 1931, ended in failure, and it is fairly safe to prophesy that any similar agreement would prove equally ineffective.

Whether or not, when the time comes for a decision, their respective parties will agree to Mr Churchill's and

Mr Attlee's suggestion to continue the present coalition, is a matter which must largely depend upon whether the effect of the war will have been to increase the influence of the left wing section of the Labour Party. If the policy which was advocated in the pre-war years by members of the Socialist League has gathered strength during the war years, and if there is an urgent demand within the Labour Party for its immediate adoption, its leaders will probably have to fall into line with the wishes of their followers. This war, like its predecessor, is certain to leave behind it a legacy of confusion and discontent, and it is likely that popular impatience at any delay in the establishment of the millennium, which has been so lavishly promised, will be even greater than it was in the years immediately following the Armistice of 1919. Never in our history will there be more need, if this country is to preserve its constitutional and economic stability and if it is to take a leading rôle in the rehabilitation of Europe, for a wise discretion in the measures which will have to be taken to restore trade and industry and to improve the social welfare of the people. It is to be hoped, therefore, that steadying influences will prevail within the ranks of the Labour Party and that for a certain period of time, at any rate, after the war is over the present coalition will remain in being.

Normal conditions are not likely to prevail in this country for some time to come and the parties of the Right—more especially the Conservative Party which still preserves its unity—must be on their guard to resist any attempt that may be made to stampede the country into political and social changes designed to establish a 'New Order' and to substitute some form of Equalitarian Socialism for our present parliamentary system.

Conservatives, therefore, should be ready to face the electors in the event of the break-up of the present coalition after the war is over. The policy of the Party with regard to national reconstruction and social re-organisation should be carefully thought out and prepared—and the party organisation should not be allowed to remain indefinitely in cold storage. No campaign, whether military or political, can be won unless there has been adequate staff work and preparation before the outbreak of hostilities.

There was a general feeling in September 1939 that all domestic controversy should cease and that party propaganda should be closed down for the duration of the war. Unfortunately, however, the Labour and Liberal leaders did not join Mr Chamberlain's Government and for nine months constituted an opposition in Parliament. Their ostensible argument for this course of action was that they were assisting the national cause more effectively by 'constructive' criticism of the Government's policy than by joining forces with it and sharing in its responsibilities. Whether they were right or wrong in this contention is a matter of opinion, but it certainly made it difficult to avoid political controversy in the constituencies when it was continuing in Parliament. The so-called 'Party Truce,' nevertheless—the arrangement by which when a seat in the House of Commons falls vacant the political party which was holding it is allowed to retain it without opposition—has been well maintained by the three principal political parties. There has also been little or no party activity in the constituencies and, among the Conservatives at any rate, there has been a marked tendency to allow their associations to discontinue any kind of political work, although in many constituencies the women's branches are busily engaged in war work and hold together by means of sewing and knitting parties.

The majority of the Conservative agents and women organisers, who are of an age to do so, have joined one or other of His Majesty's forces, and those who remain are usually engaged in some kind of national service and can only give part-time attention, therefore, to their political work. In some parts of the country Labour associations are said to be in much the same condition as those of the other parties, but it must not be forgotten that the main strength of the political Labour movement is centred in the Trade Unions whose importance and influence, as well as the strength of their membership, have greatly increased during the course of the war. Their organisation remains an active political force throughout the country, which not only provides the Labour Party with the necessary sinews of war, but also keeps the Labour movement very much alive and ready for future eventualities.

The social and political programme of the Left, as has already been pointed out in this article, is also being assisted—if not intentionally, at any rate very effectively—by the vague and unconstructive criticism of existing institutions and social conditions so constantly to be heard on the wireless and read in the popular daily and weekly press. These strenuous efforts to emphasise the necessity for the suppression of all ‘class distinctions’ and individual enterprise—the levelling down of men to a dull mediocrity instead of making it possible for them to improve their status in society by their own efforts and abilities—should warn those, who still believe in the value to the nation and to the Empire of human endeavour and initiative, of the struggle that lies ahead of them, and should stimulate them to make ready for the fight. The task which they have to undertake is not to make the rich poorer, but to make the poor richer; to devise a better and fairer economic system which should ensure, so far as is humanly possible, work for all; to afford equal opportunities to the youth of the nation, to whatever class of society they may belong, to make their way in the world; to prove that the British parliamentary democracy is the most humane and efficient form of government that the world has ever known.

CUTHBERT HEADLAM.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

War and Crime. Dr Hermann Mannheim.

The English Church and How it Works. Cecilia M. Ady.

Why France Fell. André Maurois.

Meaning and Truth. Bertrand Russell.

Giorgio Vercelli Visconti Duke of Milan (1351-1402). Dr D. M. Bueno de Mesquita.

The Printed Book. H. G. Aldis.

Purbeck Shop. Eric Benfield.

Man and his Nature. Sir Charles Sherrington, O.M., G.B.E., F.R.S.

Employment and Equilibrium. Professor Pigou.

Shakespeare. Mark V. Doren.

Their Finest Hour. Allan A. Michie and Walter Graebner.

EVERY responsible citizen should read 'War and Crime,' by Dr Hermann Mannheim (C. H. Watts and Co.), yet few will do so because the root difficulty of democracy is that its upholders can't, or won't, expend time and energy in thinking, preferring to elect, or pay, others to do it for them. Seeing in war and crime the same fundamental impulses, Dr Mannheim believes that nations wrongly going to war are as guilty as individuals who wantonly commit crime, and, if Christian civilisation is to survive, must be punished with relentless certainty, promptitude, and severity. In a sense Hitler is correct when he proclaims that all international crimes are pardonable if only they are colossal enough. Dr Mannheim's urgent and eloquent plea is that we must find means of punishing guilty corporations, nations, and even groups of nations. Our main difficulties are twofold: no suitable punitive machinery has yet been evolved; and, unless our own immediate interests are threatened, few of us are, in truth, convinced that we should go to war in defence of a principle. Hence Abyssinia, and its sequel, grim as it was was inevitable. Our excuse was that we were not ready and that France was not willing. Will the present struggle teach us that we must always be both?

Dr Mannheim, who was formerly a judge in the Court of Criminal Appeal and Professor of Criminal Law in Berlin, and is now Lecturer in Criminology in the London School of Economics, is not much enamoured with the idea of an International Police Force, sponsored by Lord Davies and others. The problem bristles with difficulties, and this informative essay suggests ways in which some of them may be solved. In a recently published book Dr Mannheim dealt statistically with 'Crime Between Wars.' In the present volume he has

inserted a section which looks as if it had strayed out of that interesting study ; it breaks the thread of his argument and takes up space that should rightly have been devoted to the development of his main theme, which opportunity enforces the ancient truth that no man liveth to himself.

Many admirers and critics of the Church would prove, if examined on the subject, to be lamentably ignorant of how it is organised, what it stands for, and what is its outlook. For those who want an answer to such questions, briefly, clearly, and fairly stated, Miss Cecilia M. Ady's '**The English Church and how it Works**' (Faber and Faber) is thoroughly to be recommended. It is an admirable, informative, and useful book. After an introductory chapter on the Church to-day it deals successively with the officers, councils, land revenues of the Church and its relations with the State. Then we are told about belief and practice, the Church and society, the Anglican Communion and its relations with other Christians. Finally there is a useful chapter on the Church and its critics. Thus, whether we want to know about, for instance, an archdeacon's duties, the Apostolic Succession, the Black Rubric, canons ecclesiastical, parish priests, Lambeth Conferences, Prayer Book revision, the South India United Church, or tithes we shall find in these pages something to interest us. Many books have been written about the Church from particular partisan points of view. The aim of this book is impartiality of statement. Miss Ady nowhere obtrudes her own convictions, but she avoids turning impartiality into dullness and lack of vitality.

Monsieur André Maurois, writing with a light heart and in graceful and picturesque style, has often in the past entertained and most pleasantly instructed us with his always welcome books—'**Colonel Bramble**,' '**Ariel**,' '**Byron**,' and so forth. It must have been with a heavy heart and with a feeling of grim and painful duty that he sat down to write '**Why France Fell**' (The Bodley Head), the tragedy of a country politically disunited, industrially corroded, honey-combed with defeatists, distraught by factions and personal feuds ; and utterly lacking in the leadership that a Clemenceau or a Foch would have given. Can anything more tragic be written than Monsieur Maurois' own words. 'One can say that

the war was lost, so far as France was concerned, at the very moment it was begun. It was lost because we did not have enough aeroplanes, or enough tanks, or enough anti-aircraft guns, and because we did not have enough factories to build what we lacked. It was lost because our Ally had only a tiny army and did not possess the means of expansion which would have permitted her to take quick advantage of her immense reserves of men and riches.' It is fair to add that when Monsieur Maurois, in June 1940, in misery and despair spoke hardly of our inadequate help for France, Monsieur Corbin, the French Ambassador here, pointed out that in justice it must be remembered that we had given all and more than all that the French had asked for, before collapse threatened—and then it was too late. This is a moving and tragic book. It is slight, and does not pretend to be more. It has no claim to be comprehensive, but it sheds light of real value on a terrible disaster.

Mr Bertrand Russell's new study 'Meaning and Truth' (George Allen and Unwin) is not a volume to be picked up at any odd moment. Concentration, and perhaps quietude, are essential if the writer's message is to be grasped. It may well be that, to the right order of mind, the effort required to master the fundamental intellectual, philosophic, and metaphysical concepts involved will, in itself, prove recreative. As it is quite impossible to deal with such a profoundly interesting problem in a brief notice the fairest thing to do is to try to indicate what Mr Russell's Introduction tells us about his intention. Setting out to investigate certain problems of empirical knowledge, he departs from traditional theories in the primary importance he attaches to linguistic considerations. His volume is, in fact, from beginning to end a scrutiny, sustained and closely argued, of the significance and importance of the word, and his first chapter is entitled 'What is a word?' his last, 'Language and Metaphysics.' All of us, especially if we are dabblers in literature, think that we know something about words and sentences. Even a superficial study of Mr Russell's chapters entitled 'Sentences, Syntax and Parts of Speech,' 'Logical Words,' 'Proper Names,' 'Epistemological Premises,' and 'The Significance of Sentences: A. General. B. Psychological. C. Syntactical' will speedily cure us

of that agreeable delusion. In Chapter XX, 'The Law of Excluded Middle,' Mr Russell writes: 'When we say "All men are mortal," are we saying anything, or are we making meaningless noises?' This is a characteristic example of the philosopher's methods. Seldom found amongst the optimists, Mr Russell does not ladle out cheap consolations. He wants us to 'become aware of the penumbra of uncertainty surrounding the situations which inspire no doubt, that we shall find doubt more frequently justified than we supposed, and that even the most plausible premises will have shown themselves capable of yielding unpalatable conclusions.' Would it be unpalatable to suggest that Mr Russell would shudder if anyone ventured to conclude that he had actually succeeded in discovering anywhere either meaning or truth?

The admirable study of 'Giangaleazzo Visconti Duke of Milan (1351-1402),' by Dr D. M. Bueno de Mesquita (Cambridge University Press), recalls the often forgotten fact that in Italy that curious portent, the dictator, is indigenous: moreover, he has been retained by the Italian peoples long after nations politically more advanced have dismissed him as a dangerous anachronism. Italy of the fourteenth century was the centre of European civilisation, and Europe was politically chaotic. Great opportunities were open to an astute, ruthless, and unscrupulous leader, and Giangaleazzo seized them with skill, courage, and iron resolution. Dr de Mesquita says: 'I have tried to present him neither as a monster who delighted in every form of treachery and vice, nor as a single-minded patriot seeking to anticipate the work of centuries'; yet, when listing his virtues, one has to include 'a capacity for affection' as a makeweight! Giangaleazzo's first political act was to 'recover' from his brother-in-law 'without loss and under guise of friendship' the city of Asti. Dr de Mesquita quotes the incident as 'exhibiting the technique of aggression which was particularly his own. It is characterised by those qualities which made him great—the simplicity of conception, the quiet ease and certainty of execution. He showed an utter lack of scruple, a contempt for ethical standards in political relations remarkable even in that age.' Astonishingly, these methods have been revived and (temporarily) successfully exploited to-day, and such a sentence, written

by a distinguished Italian who is a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, enables us to grasp why Hitler and Mussolini understand and appreciate each other. Towards the end of this carefully documented, balanced, and well-written study the author says of his hero: 'Utterly unscrupulous in his foreign policy, he gave to his own subjects the benefit of his far-sightedness, his love of order, his powers of organisation, his sense of the State's responsibility to the subject as well as the subject's duty to the State. He failed them only when he had to choose between their interests and the greatness of the Visconti.'

'The Printed Book,' by H. G. Aldis (Cambridge University Press), has for twenty-five years been of great service to book-lovers. During those years there have been many changes in the making of books, and a new and revised edition is fully due. This has now been carried out by Messrs John Carter and E. A. Crutchley, who are to be congratulated on their work. Nowhere within 170 pages can more comprehensive, useful, and clearly-told information about book production be found—printing, paper, binding, illustrations and even (in a vigorous chapter) the handling and mishandling of books. There is also an excellent summarised history of printing from its earliest days in the fifteenth century, and excellent illustrations showing the development of type. Too many people take books for granted, and have no idea of the many and varied, and sometimes elaborate, processes which book production entails. Such people should get special benefit from this excellent book, while those who do know will find pleasure from seeing the subject so well and concisely dealt with.

Much interesting information is given in 'Purbeck Shop,' by Eric Benfield (Cambridge University Press). In these days it is curious to come on the story of a craft which, though practised for centuries in our own island, is almost as unknown to the general public as any in Polynesia. What Londoner, familiar though he must be with thousands of buildings faced with Purbeck, knows that it is quarried deep underground at the end of shafts as dark as any coal mine, that the quarryman works in lonely isolation by preference, or that every man must still first be elected by the ancient company of his fellows at Corfe Castle? Or again, who would imagine that a

quarryman, by stiking a ton-weight stone embedded in its seam at the gallery end, could tell within a foot its three dimensions? The methods of working have changed hardly at all for generations. Tools are the same, and the only machine is a primitive but perfectly effective wooden capstan, which draws the low cart or trolley up the inclined plane of the shaft. Unfortunately for the quarryman, building technique has undergone radical changes, and this has affected seriously the economics of the industry. The demand is fitful, and certain veins are no longer profitable. Perhaps the most extraordinary external influence was the fashion for bird-baths and sundials in suburban gardens, which came opportunely enough to rescue the stoneworker from the depths of the building depression. It is to be hoped that the rebuilding of London after this war will permit Purbeck stone to come again into its own.

Eric Benfield is a stoneworker whose family have been in the craft for generations. He has made of his book a rare work of art, through which breathes that spirit of endurance and joy in hard work accomplished that a good stoneworker must possess. 'Purbeck Shop' joins the very select company of Sturt's 'Wheelwright's Shop,' and a few more on our shelves.

Sir Charles Sherrington, who was chosen by Edinburgh University to deliver the Gifford Lectures for 1937-8, has now published them under the title 'Man and his Nature' (Cambridge University Press). In twelve closely packed chapters Sir Charles has exhaustively surveyed all that we know about Man. Beginning with a chapter on 'Nature and Tradition' he carries us with him while he examines 'The Natural and Superstition,' 'Life in Little,' 'The Wisdom of the Body,' 'Earth's Re-shuffling,' 'A Whole Presupposed in its Parts,' 'The Brain and its Work,' 'The Organ of Liaison,' 'Brain Collaborates with Psyche,' 'Earth's Alchemy,' 'Two Ways of one Mind,' concluding with 'Conflict with Nature.' These chapter titles not only show the general drift of the author's argument, but are so aptly chosen that they to some extent disclose the consummate skill with which it is woven. One quotation will serve to show the writer's style and at the same time throw a white light on our present emergencies: 'For the undertaking by man of the rôle

of master-life on the planet, "predaceous" man may well be a competitor against truly social man. It would be a fatal step to the undertaking if predaceous man were to obtain ascendancy. . . . Solidarity is impossible with predaceous man. . . . Predaceous man unlike other forms of predatory life preys on its own species. With predaceous man civilisation itself becomes of predatory type. Predatory war enters then as a feature into community organisation. . . . Serfdom and slavery attach to his régime in fact when not in name. His régime deals by opprobrium and ostracism with victimised classes in the State. He exploits cruelty on sub-human lives as well as on human life. Predaceous man's rule cuts indeed at the very root of social mankind's organisation of life.'

Serious students who, because they have scrutinised widely and thought deeply, distrust economics without tears will welcome Professor Pigou's '**Employment and Equilibrium**' (Macmillan). Described by its author as a 'theoretical discussion' he says it is 'addressed to professional economists.' That in war time a publisher should be sufficiently disinterested to put forth a volume with such an avowedly limited appeal is a matter for public congratulation. Only a professional economist of something like equal rank would be competent to criticise this very closely reasoned, intensive study; yet the merest layman will be able to see in it an invaluable war weapon. The book is divided into four parts and, as is wise and proper, the first deals with 'Some Problems of Definition.' Having cleared his ground Professor Pigou deals successively with 'Flow Equilibrium'; 'Differences Among Positions of Short-Period Flow Equilibrium'; and 'Disturbances of Short-Period Flow Equilibrium.' Out of kindness to readers 'who have no mathematics' the author has given only a few mathematical manipulations in footnotes, a large number, all referring to Part III, being for convenience brought together in an Appendix. There is also a good index. Professor Pigou is right when he suggests that, in spite of the inherent difficulties, the main drift of his argument will be intelligible to readers who care to take trouble. Our economic system is subject to intense strain at this moment and, very certainly, will be exposed to even greater in the future. It behoves us, therefore, to leave nothing unstudied that will help us to

oil the machinery of our whole economic system and, in particular, those inevitable periods of disequilibrium arising while it passes from one equilibrium to another.

Mr Mark Van Doren makes no bones about confessing that his study 'Shakespeare' (George Allen and Unwin) is almost entirely derivative. Although in it little that is really new is said, all is well said, and with an enthusiasm and skill that must have appealed to the students of Columbia College, to whom the lectures were first addressed. The writer is on sound lines when he reminds his readers that 'the interest of the plays as they have come down to us exceeds the interest either of the individual who wrote them or the age that produced them.' A chapter on the Poems is followed by brief studies of each of the thirty-three plays, the last, on Henry VIII, being little more than notes for a chapter. Sir Hugh Walpole in a short introduction says that Mr Van Doren is best on the most difficult plays and that, on the whole, is true. The author says: 'No synopsis of "Hamlet," whole or part, can hope to succeed. The play is its own synopsis, and nothing shorter will do. Neither will anything longer; analysis in this case over-runs and outrages art.' This is a characteristic example of the writer's methods. His study of 'Lear' is excellent; but, surely, there is more to 'Richard II' than a sick æsthete histrionically listening to himself making some of the loveliest music in our English tongue? Mr Van Doren is so enraptured with the magic of Shakespeare's great prose and poetry that he at times forgets his own initial reminder that, before all else, Shakespeare was a highly accomplished craftsman concocting, often very hurriedly, entertainments that would fill his theatre and show a reasonable profit from which he could save enough to retire early and live quietly in the country.

Allan A. Michie and Walter Graebner of the magazine 'Life' had the shrewd idea of collecting the personal stories of atypical representatives of those of us who have experienced the War at first hand. In 'Their Finest Hour' (George Allen and Unwin) we have records by eleven men and two women serving as soldiers, sailors, airmen, merchant seamen, auxiliary firemen, an American correspondent, and two ordinary London women. It is characteristic of us that we should leave this obvious and

brilliant piece of propaganda to the enterprise of our American friends. A few of the records have been skilfully elicited and set forth by Mr Carl Olssen. Sergeant Jack Wadsworth, simply described as 'member of a Territorial Battalion of a famous Midland Regiment,' speaks for himself in restrained, forceful English such as one would expect from the fine, somewhat sombre face crowned with its tin helmet. His account of the Retreat on Dunkirk does not contain one superfluous word: 'The terrific "Cohump" of the explosion made you gasp and seemed to split your skull. Soon we learned to distinguish between bombs. A whistling sound meant that it was some distance away. A sheet-ripping sound meant nearby.' Since Dunkirk many civilians have also learnt to recognise bomber noises. An anonymous Squadron Leader gives us Dunkirk from the air and tells us that to bale out of a Spitfire is not easy, the best way being 'to turn her over on her back and drop out through the hood—if you can.' Just that! Chief Petty Officer F. G. Bishop and Signalman Ronald Gold tell with simplicity the glorious story of the 17,000-ton 'Scotstoun'; Gold says: 'It's not my job to dish out praise, but I thought the men were great.' That may truly be said of each one of the protagonists. As for Mrs Hart, whose home in Bethnal Green Road was bombed—not all the crosses in the world could sufficiently attest her quiet heroism: 'I hurried back to the house, because, though I'm not a warden or anything, somebody needs to show the neighbours the way to the shelter under the Vicarage. It's the strongest house around here.' 'Chub-cheeked, auburn-haired Sonia Straw,' who works in a solicitor's office at Croydon, was one of the first three women to win the George Medal. Sonia is nineteen; Mrs Hart thirty-nine. Dogs come into the story often. Jack Wadsworth's little black-and-white mongrel could spot a dive-bomber from any other, and was called 'Air-raid Warning'; Mrs Hart's dead 'Gyp' and her rescued cat 'Timmy.' A little volume that enables one to say this is England, modest, kind, unhistrionic, and thank God for it.



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TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIXTH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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